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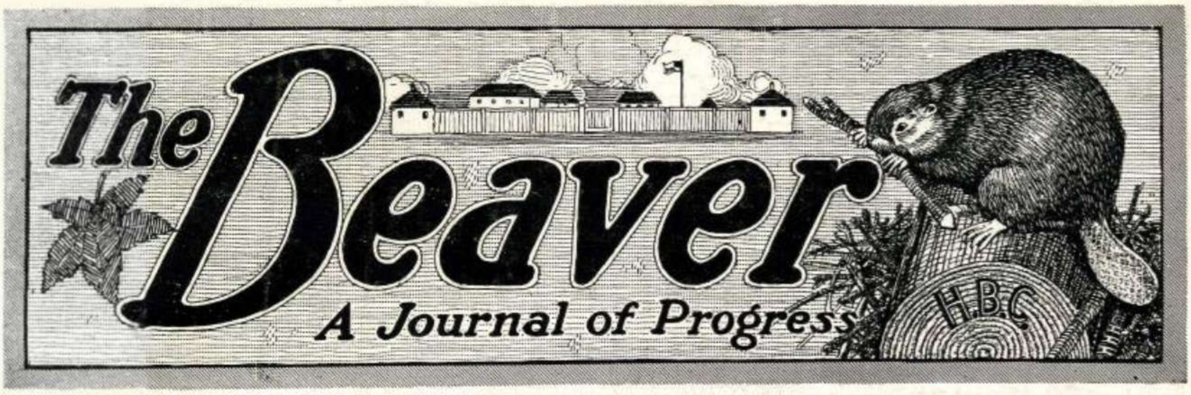
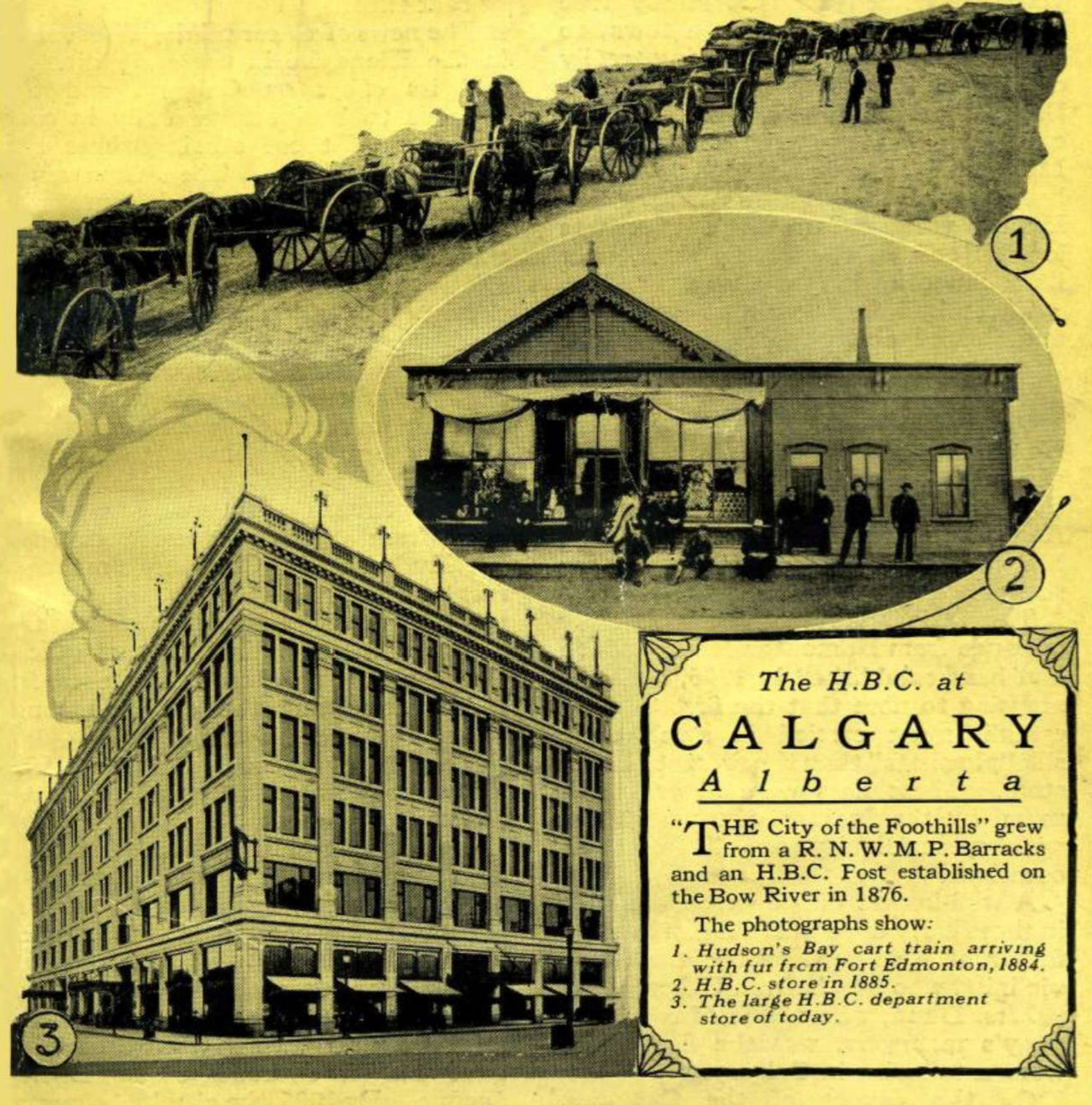


The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



The H.B.C. at

CALGARY

Alberta

"THE City of the Foothills" grew from a R. N. W. M. P. Barracks and an H.B.C. Fost established on the Bow River in 1876.

The photographs show:

1. *Hudson's Bay cart train arriving with fur from Fort Edmonton, 1884.*
2. *H.B.C. store in 1885.*
3. *The large H.B.C. department store of today.*

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Calgary—the City of the Foothills

—and the Growth of the Hudson's Bay Company's Store

By J. BROWN, Associate Editor

PEOPLE visiting Calgary for the first time, surprised at its size and modern-ness, commonly ask, "How old is this place?" The average citizen will answer, "Somewhere around thirty years." While this is partially true as regards its existence as a town, to be exact Calgary's beginning really dates back to 1876, when the Hudson's Bay Company opened its first store quite near the Royal North-West Mounted Police fort, which had then been erected but a short time. The Hudson's Bay Company's post was located east of the Elbow river, near its confluence with the Bow river.

Three buildings made of logs hewn and floated down the river from the west were erected: a store, a residence for the manager and an Indian interpreter's cabin. Chief Factor Richard Hardisty (afterwards Canadian senator) was in charge of the Company's operations for Alberta at that time, and Angus Fraser, an experienced fur trader, had immediate charge of the trading station.

The little store received its supply of goods from Edmonton House, which had been established in 1795, and it is amusing to note that the first Calgary establishment carried in stock more silk "plug hats" than the present H.B.C. store. These hats were in great demand by the Indians, who wore them with great dignity on all full dress occasions.

A well-known old-timer on the staff in those early days was William Parlow, father of Kathleen Parlow, the noted violinist, who was born in Calgary.

Mrs. Dunn, wife of one of the Company's managers, was the first white woman to reside in Calgary.

On the advent of the Canadian Pacific railway in 1884, a frame store was erected by the Hudson's Bay Company in the new townsite west of the Elbow river, the old store having been moved there and used as a warehouse. This building was of one storey, 35 by 100 feet, and was considered to be the finest store west of Winnipeg at that time.

The news of placer mining discoveries in the Klondyke in the early nineties had its effect on Calgary, and the impetus to business generally in consequence of those stirring times has never been lost. The Company's officials knew the overland route was not a feasible one for quickly reaching the goldfields, but, notwithstanding the efforts to dissuade men from attempting the overland trail, the visions of untold wealth and the new El Dorado were more than sufficient to overcome the timidity of the thousands who undertook the journey with such dire results.

It was questionable as to whether or not Calgary could successfully cater to the outfitting of the prospectors, who came from all parts of the world, but the Hudson's Bay Company's management at this, as at other points, rose to the occasion and obtained the necessary merchandise. Calgary quickly became the chief outfitting centre for those attempting the overland route to the Yukon via Edmonton.

This store was occupied until 1889, when the Company secured the I. G. Baker store, where the Imperial Bank now stands. This was used merely as a temporary store while a new one 50 by 80 feet was erected on the old site. This was completed and occupied in 1891.

Still growing with the city, it was found necessary to build an addition to this building, which when completed gave 100 feet frontage on Eighth avenue. By 1905, the city had expanded to such an extent that a further addition was built, this giving 130 feet on Centre street.

Mr. James Thomson was the first general manager at Calgary. (Mr. Thomson retired from the service of the Company early in 1920, after thirty-nine years' service).

The second general manager was Mr. Edmund Taylor, who is now partner with the firm of Lougheed & Taylor, of Calgary.

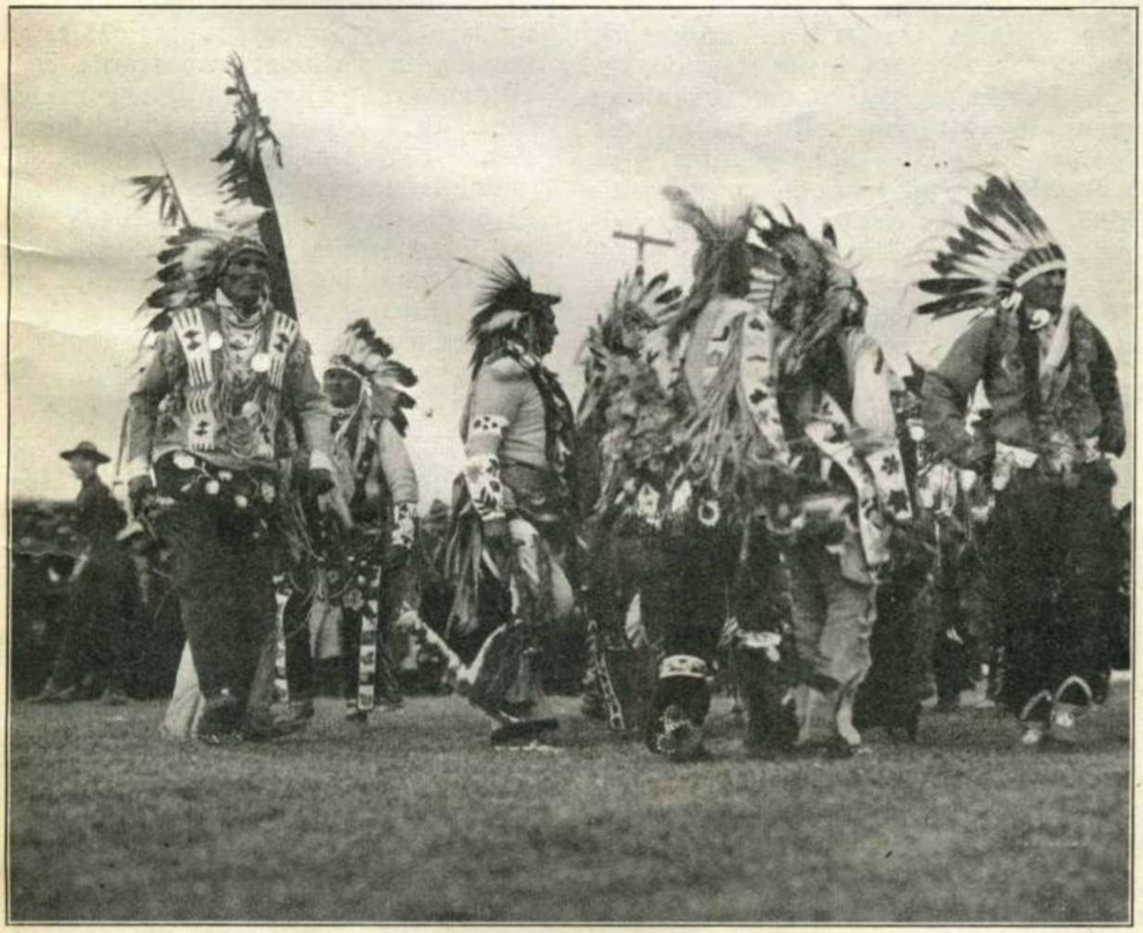
Recognizing that Calgary had an assured future and would become a city of importance, a site was purchased at the corner of Seventh avenue and First street west and the erection of the first modern store under the Company's expansion programme was commenced in 1911 and opened to the public in August, 1913. The new store, which cost $2,500,000.00, has a frontage of 130 feet on First street with a depth of 245 feet on Seventh avenue. It is six storeys in height with foundations capable of supporting four additional storeys, and it is built entirely of steel and concrete faced with cream terra cotta.

This mammoth store, with a floor space of 222,950 square feet, in architectural design, interior fittings finished in rich mahogany and appointments is most modern in every respect, and in many respects is unsurpassed by any departmental store on the continent.

The confidence of the Company in erecting a store that would do credit to a city with a population of a million has been fully justified by the response of the citizens of Calgary and surrounding country.

The store is placed in a position of securing the best, latest and most up-to-date merchandise brought together from all parts of the globe through the medium of the Company's own buying agencies in Great Britian, Europe, China, Japan and the United States.

Thus, following step by step the progress of Calgary since its inception, it will be seen that the Hudson's Bay Company has been one of the most important contributing influences in the city's stability and growth. The history



DANCING SIOUX INDIANS. Remnants of the band of Wapheton and Sisseton Sioux which fled Minnesota after the massacre of 1861 and have since been domiciled near Portage la Prairie and Brandon, Manitoba.

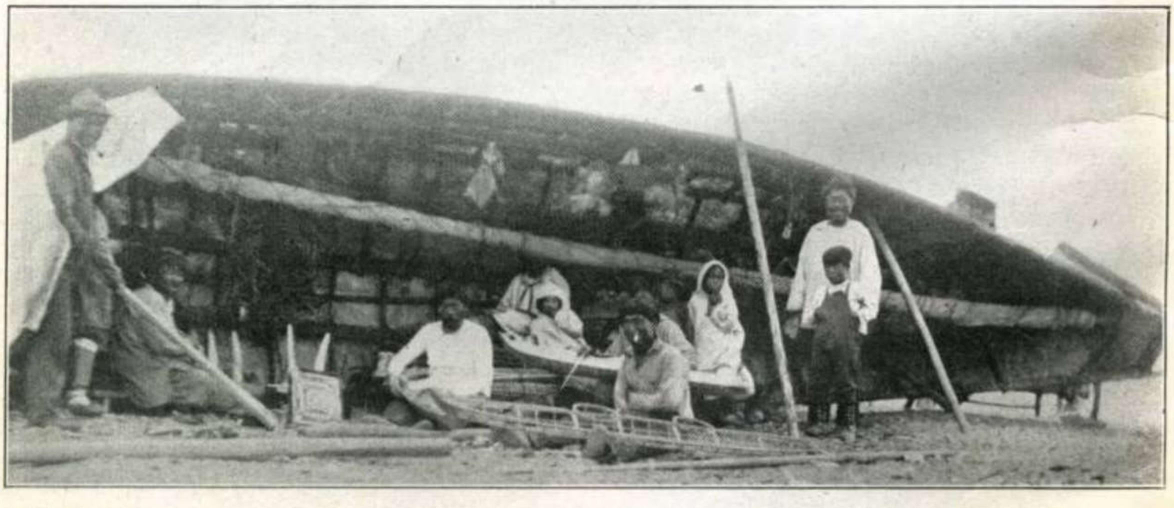
of Calgary is indissolubly linked with that of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the signs of prosperity evidenced on the one hand by a big, clean, well laid-out city of imposing buildings and wide, paved streets is duplicated on the other by a store second to none on the North American continent, standing as a monument to those earlier representatives of the "Old Company" whose motto was to deal honourably with the public, which still holds as the guiding principle of the Company's great organization in these modern days.

Calgary presents a record of unrivalled progress, passing through the era of the rancher to that of the grain grower and mixed farmer, developing as a grain-shipping centre an industrial hub, the confluence of lines of distribution to the vast agricultural district which sprang up all around it. In 1894 it was incorporated as a city. To-day it is a handsome modern city of 75,000 people with fine public buildings, utilities, banks and hotels, spacious streets, beautiful parks and handsome boulevards.

Industrially Calgary is important not only locally but in its relationship to the Dominion, in this respect ranking ninth amongst the industrial centres of Canada. The latest figures give it 230 industrial establishments with 8,685 employees receiving wages totalling $4,375,609. The amount of capital invested in industry is estimated at $29,580,639, and the last annual production was valued at $31,804,133. Its manufacturing activities cover a very wide range and in the main adequately serve that extensive territory of which it is the centre. Calgary has a great meat-packing plant, three huge flour mills, 13 grain elevators, one operated by the Dominion Government having a capacity of two and a half million bushels. There are more than 200 wholesale houses, and the city is the terminal of three railway lines. There are 23 branches of Canadian chartered banks in Calgary whose bank clearings rank sixth among the cities of the Dominion. The export of its meat-packing industry amounts to nearly $4,000,000 annually.

In the area of which Calgary is the main distributing point there are deposits of various minerals, including coal, silicate, sandstone, brick clay and shale, pottery clay, fire clay, oil and gas. At the present time 23 rigs are drilling in the area to the south of the city.

Calgary's rapidity of development in every phase has been remarkable. Less than 50 years ago its site was bald, unoccupied prairie; to-day it is a modern city in every particular, surpassing in national importance many cities of greater extent on the continent. Since 1910 it has increased its population by half. As the centre round which revolves all the affairs of an extensive area which has already made an international mark in agriculture and is achieving the same in industry, a great future is assured for Calgary, "The City of the Foothills."



NATIVES from Diomede Islands, Siberia, who have sailed across Behring Straits in a four-skin walrus hide boat, and are shown making model kayaks and curios on the beach near Tree River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Western Arctic district.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

(*Continued from last issue*)

IN the evening a dance was given in the big house, the belle of the ball being a Blackfoot woman who had been left in the fall in charge of Mrs. William Sinclair. She was tall and very fair, with a splendid figure, and had been dressed up for the occasion in clothes belonging to our chief's daughter. She was probably the offspring of an unfortunate white woman captured and brought up by the Indians.

Quite a number of women among the Indians who came to the trading posts in those days had no sign of as much as a drop of Indian blood in their veins. They had light hair, blue eyes and splendid figures, and except that they were sunburned they were as fair as any white woman. For this there was explanation. When the Indians raided an immigrant train on the American side they killed all the grown people and boys, preserving the female children, who grew up perfect Indians in their ways. Rarely could they be persuaded to leave their Indian friends.

A day or two after New Year's the various officers left for their posts. A fine sight it was to see them set off with their dog trains. Each officer had his "cariole"—a sled of birch boards, twelve feet long, the sides covered with parchment skins, and handsomely painted. Four dogs were harnessed to a sled. The officer was well wrapped up with buffalo robes. A man ran ahead, on snowshoes, it might be, to break the road, another ran behind to drive the dogs and take care that the cariole did not upset. It was the most comfortable mode of winter travelling that could be imagined. The distance traversed was usually thirty-five to forty miles a day, though, with a good road and good men and dogs, sixty to seventy miles a day was often achieved. Three o'clock a.m. was the time for starting, with a stop for breakfast at eight o'clock, and another at midday for dinner, camping for the night at sunset.

After the last of these trains had departed a brigade of sixty horse sleds and about thirty dog trains was sent to the Beaver Hills to haul in some three hundred buffalo cows which had previously been killed and put up on stages. The horse sleds were made of birch boards fourteen inches wide by fourteen feet long. Each sled was fitted with a pair of shafts and was hauled by a single horse. A load consisted of the meat of two buffalo cows, and one man was expected to manage four sleds, travelling from eighteen to twenty miles a day.

The loads for the dog trains were from four hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty pounds each, according to the capacity of the dogs. When horses and dogs travelled in company the dogs had very easy times.

It must not be supposed that buffalo were always killed by running them from horseback. By far the greatest number were killed in a *petah kehan,* or corral, built on a bluff and fenced in about nine or ten feet high with poplar poles. This corral was circular, with a post planted in the centre. A gateway about twelve feet wide was left open and to the centre post was attached all the medicine man's bags and hieroglyphics.

From the gate for a good way out the Indians lay disposed in the shape of a V. From the gateway and from there on to a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile a double line of small sticks was placed, and on top of each stick buffalo chips, forming a gradually widening lane that at the end was some four or five hundred yards wide. The buffalo were then led into this lane by an Indian who rode ahead of them waving a buffalo robe and sounding a peculiar call. Sometimes they were thus decoyed over twenty miles.

When they approached to where the Indians were lying down, the latter rose with shouts. This made the animals close in and when they had arrived at the gateway of the corral the Indian who was leading them suddenly turned his horse to one side when the buffalo immediately rushed in. When the last one had entered, up went the gates, the whole herd were closed in, and then began the butchering. It is a curious fact that the buffalo would always run round the corral in the direction of the sun's course, never being known to run in any other way. I believe that if by chance they should take another direction the Indians would be too frightened to kill them.

When the last beast was dead the women commenced to cut them up, cooking and devouring the best cuts, drying the rest, and making grease.

Thus they worked and feasted for several days till little less than half the meat had been consumed. They then "pitched" for a few miles and repeated the process.

Another way in which hundreds of buffalo were annually sacrificed was in attempting to cross the ice on rivers and small lakes before it was strong enough, or after the sun had rotted it in the spring. At times whole herds were thus drowned. Buffalo were so numerous that it was never dreamed that they would be actually exterminated in the course of a few years, though it began at about the time of which I now write to be perceived that they were not so numerous as formerly.

We passed the remainder of the winter of 1855-56 visiting the Roman Catholic mission at Lac St. Anne, where we always met with a very kind reception from the Reverend Father Lacombe, who was in charge. (Father Lacombe died, honoured by all Canada, but a few years ago.) We also made a few more trips for buffalo, and enjoyed some prairie chicken shooting.

Early in the spring was begun the packing of robes and other furs, the making of pemmican and the baling of dried meat and buffalo tongues which had been salted and smoked.

We got the boats put in order and occupied the time in various ways till the brigades arrived again from Lesser Slave Lake, Fort Assiniboine, Jasper House and Mountain House, bringing their winter trade, which in a few days was ready to ship by boat. They then pulled out on their long trip to York Factory on the Hudson Bay. All the officers in charge of the various posts were now gone for the summer, and so ended the only winter of the many I have seen with the Hudson's Bay Company that I served under another man. The remainder of my service was either in charge of a post, a brigade or a district. To rise from apprentice clerk to commissioned officer after but one winter under a superior was a rare distinction.

I was now appointed to take charge of Lac la Biche, with instructions to first carry to Dunvegan, on the Peace river, the men engaged for British Columbia, together with sundry bags of buffalo grease and leather for the same place. These goods were intended for trade with the Indians in British Columbia, who would pay for them, in marten skins, almost any price we asked.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Trip to Dunvegan.

WHEN we had driven in a bunch of horses from the horse guard and had made ready the saddles and pieces we left for Fort Assiniboine, whence we took boat for Lesser Slave Lake. As I had sixteen men for British Columbia besides my own six we were furnished with double crews and made remarkably quick time on the river—indeed the boat never stopped except at meal times. From Fort Assiniboine we proceeded by boat down the Athabasca river to the mouth of Slave Lake river and across Slave Lake to the northwest end where stood the H.B. Co.'s post.

On the way down we saw several bear and some moose but were too pressed for time to hunt them. The only animals we killed were five jumping deer that were crossing the river, which we shot as they reached the shore.

On enquiring at the post about the horses, I found that five only were broken in for riding and that there were some thirty-five or forty mares and young horses that had never been handled. The first thing therefore was to find and drive them into a corral.

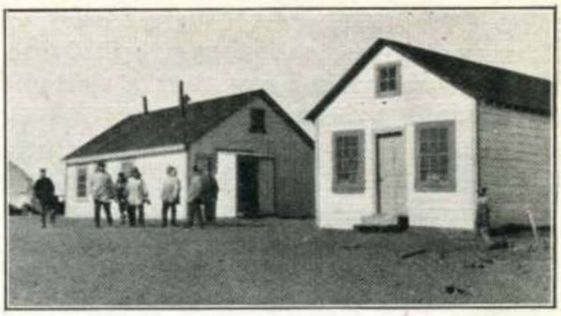
Next morning we had to catch, saddle and load them; then, all being ready, a start was made. It was great fun. Some of the horses commenced bucking, some started in one direction, some in another, but fortunately, with the exception of four new hands from the Orkneys, my men were all smart and well up to this work, so it didn't matter much.

I gave the four green hands charge of the old stallion, with two good lines with which to hold him. I myself, with one man, remained behind a couple of hours in case any of the horses should wander back. The first thing I met when at last I did start was the stallion, minus his load and minus his guardians, the green hands from the Orkney Islands. As the lines were still attached, however, we succeeded in catching him. He was in a great way to know what had become of his harem. A mile further on we met the four men, who didn't know where the load was, as the last they had seen of the horse he was disappearing in the woods, load and all, as fast as he could gallop. We followed his track and presently discovered the load where he had scraped it off between two trees.

We made about four miles that day, and it was getting dark before we had collected all the horses and loads, but we had broken in the horses and had them well tired out. Next day, being more accustomed to their loads, they gave us very little trouble. I had some of the old mares taken on ahead, and then turned the stallion loose, appointing him head driver. He took good care that none lagged behind.

We made about twenty-five miles that day and thereafter had little or no trouble till we arrived at the mouth of the Smokey river, where we found a boat waiting to take us to Dunvegan, some fifty or sixty miles upstream. I left two men in charge of the horses till our return, with orders that when they heard two shots from up the river they were to saddle the horses and be in readiness for us.

With the boats there was an old guide as steersman who knew every stone or rapid on the Peace river. We came to a place where there was a very long island and the guide informed me that the northern channel would considerably shorten our route but that a boat could not run it at that stage of the water. The channel appeared to me to have plenty of water, so, as I was steering at the time, I turned the boat in, much to the old guide's disgust, and away we sped, the guide telling me every now and again that we were losing hours by not listening to an old man's advice. When we got to the head of the channel there was a fine bar fifty or sixty yards wide, with water trickling over scarcely six inches wide and not an inch deep. I steered the boat to shore and relinquished the steering oar to the old man. He expected to have to steer the boat all the way back, but to his astonishment I ordered the boys to jump out and portage the whole outfit across, which with the large number of men we had we were enabled to do without a stop, and we reached Dunvegan next day without further adventure. The old guide said never a word till we landed, when he was heard to warn the clerk in charge, saying (in French): "Take care you say nothing to that crowd or they will pull the fort down; they are a band of 'diables' and their clerk is the worst."



BAILLIE ISLAND Post of the Hudson's Bay Company (J. E. Hebert, Manager), located at Cape Bathurst in the Western Arctic ocean 250 miles east of the Mackenzie's mouth.

I didn't stop long at the post. When we had had something to eat I took a large birch bark canoe in which I started immediately down stream, paddling all night. When within hearing distance next morning of the place where our horses had been left I fired two shots as a signal to have them ready, as arranged.

We mounted at once when I landed and rode as hard as we could, camping well on the road, and arrived at Lesser Slave Lake next day.

We remained here two days for duck shooting, this being one of the finest places for that sport in the country. It may be imagined how plentiful the ducks were when I say that I shot 42 mallards one morning before breakfast.

In due time we left for our return to Edmonton, the trip being a repetition of all similar trips, though at one stage we had a little extra fun. We had put ashore a little below a small island which had a fine beach all around it, with a few willows in the centre. We observed a black bear crossing to the island from the opposite shore and all hands except two Indians and myself ran some distance up to wait for the bear, taking my gun with them.

When they had gone I asked the Indians if they had a gun. On one of them producing a flintlock and some powder I found two bullets and proposed that we should cross to the island and have first shot at the bear.

We crossed, one Indian carrying the gun, loaded, the other Indian with the powderhorn and the remaining bullet. Just as we got to the edge of the willows out came the bear and the Indian fired, wounding him rather badly. The bear immediately made for him and he ran for the boat, but had no time to board. I was sitting in the bow of the boat with my revolver, but I was enjoying the race so much that I would not fire, and cried to the Indian to run around the island for the bear was close at his heels. He was a noted runner but I believe he never ran so hard before or since. He had dropped his gun, which the other Indian, picking up, loaded, and lay down behind some driftwood, and when the bear, who was only some five or six feet behind the running Indian, came opposite, he shot him.

This was one of the best foot races I ever witnessed. Another one occurred at Edmonton.

A band of Blackfeet were camped on the hill above the fort when one of their bucks, a fine built young fellow about twenty years old, killed one of his companions. Immediately he made off in front of the fort with about a dozen Indians after him sending arrows and bullets all about him till he reached the flat below the fort, by which time he had gained so much on his pursuers as to be out of range. He was quite naked except for the breechcloth; his feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth, and the way he got over the ground would have opened the eyes of a Longboat, famous as an Indian runner though that modern champion may be.

Landing at Fort Assiniboine we rode across to Edmonton. About twelve miles from the crossing at Sturgeon river we saw three buffalo, which we ran down and killed.

CHAPTER XV

Routine of a Hudson's Bay Post.

I REMAINED a couple of days at Edmonton and then took my departure for my new post at Lac la Biche. We first crossed the river and took the road by the Beaver Hills as far as the Bute Noir, where we crossed back to the north side again at the Snake Hills and took the trail north for Lac la Biche, passing Good Fish lake, White Fish lake and Beaver river to the post.

The country from where we crossed to the north side was pretty nearly all prairie with a few bluffs as far as Good Fish lake. From there to White Fish lake was more wooded, and from White Fish lake to Lac la Biche densely wooded, though some places about Beaver river had been burned over.

Lac la Biche had, for that time, quite a large settlement. There was the Hudson's Bay Post on the east side, and within a quarter of a mile or less the English mission under the Rev. Henry

TWO old Eskimo hunters of Cape Bathurst, Western Arctic district, who are staunch H.B.C. men. The snow goggles are of the modern type supplied by the Company. The white spots on the chin are ivory labrettes (ornamental knobs or buttons) inserted through "buttonholes" pierced in the lip. Photo by T. P. O'Kelly.

Steinbeur. Then a little further on were five houses occupied by half-breeds and free-traders, and about two miles beyond, on the south side, the Roman Catholics had quite a large place under the Rev. Father Maisoneuve. Around this vicinity were several houses occupied by half-breeds. The land and gardens all around these places showed that all kinds of vegetables could be grown to perfection. The lake itself contained any quantity of whitefish.

At the post the allowance of provisions for the winter was on the following scale: To a chief factor, three hundred pounds of flour, three hundred and thirty-six pounds of sugar, eighteen pounds of black tea, nine pounds of green tea, forty-two pounds of raisins, sixty pounds of butter, thirty pounds of candles, three pounds of mustard, and sixteen gallons of port, sherry and brandy or shrub. These provisions were put in two gallon kegs, four of which were laced together and called a maccaron. Rice, pepper, pimento were added, with fifteen pounds of chocolate.

A chief trader received half the quantity, and a chief clerk half as much as a chief trader.

This was the winter allowance, but besides this the officer in charge of the brigade on the annual trip to York Factory, with the clerks who accompanied him, got a voyage allowance. The chief factor's portion was one maccaron of biscuit, ham, tea, sugar, chocolate, salted tongues, butter and flour. The clerks got half a maccaron and each man could take what he preferred of the four beverages.

The officer in charge of the district also got an extra allowance of flour, hams and drinkables, which was called "strangers' mess allowance," as he had to entertain many visitors. The best parts of the fresh meats were always reserved for the officers' mess, and the supply was *ad libitum*.

The postmasters were old and deserving servants who were now exempted from boat work and almost every other hard work and were never placed in charge of important posts. They received wages of forty pounds sterling, with an allowance for the season of thirty-two pounds of sugar, three pounds of black tea, and one and a half of green, seven pounds of rice, half a pound of pepper and half a pound of pimento.

The meat rations were weighed out each evening to the postmasters and servants of the prairie posts, each man receiving eight pounds of fresh meat, or two and a half pounds of pemmican or three pounds of dried meat.

One whitefish was the allowance to each woman, half of a whitefish to each child, if the fish were obtainable, otherwise the woman received half a man's allowance of meat, the child one quarter. Train dogs got two fish, or four pounds of fresh meat each.

A record of the provisions stocked, with their weight or quantities, was entered as they were received in the "Provision Book," in which also were entered the allowances as they were given out. A glance at this book, therefore, would show the officer in charge what amount of "grub" he had on hand at any one moment.

Each post had also to keep a diary of the weather, work done, annual departures, births, deaths, marriages and all other events.

Some of these records were rather amusing. I noticed one which set forth that on a certain day "the wind was northwest; a band of Indians camped round; all hands chopping cordwood," and that "Mrs. Bellerose was delivered of a fine girl." And then for the next thirteen days, the dates were duly written, and the words perfunctorily added, "all the same as yesterday." So it would appear that the wood chopping had included Sunday and that poor Mrs. Bellerose had become the mother of fourteen children in as many days.

I stayed a month or two at my post to get the run of the place and then decided to go to Fort Pitt to meet the boats from York Factory with my outfit. So with one attendant I rode to the fort, where I waited a couple of weeks till the boats arrived.

We were much disappointed not to see the "old boss," Chief Factor William Sinclair, on board the light boat. It appeared that he had been left in charge of Norway House in place of Chief Factor T. Swanston. The latter officer, when I first came in with Sir George Simpson, was in charge of Michipicoton, Lake Superior, and having thus served most of his time in a quiet southern department, was quite unaccustomed to the wild west ways of the prairie district, and rather afraid both of his own men and of the Indians. In fact in the spring the brigades had rebelled at Carlton and put him ashore, upon which he drove into Fort Garry and was appointed elsewhere.

When all was ready for my return to winter quarters we embarked and proceeded up to the Snake Hills, where the road to Lac la Biche left the river and where I had ordered forty horses with packsaddles to meet me. Here we landed my outfit and at camp that evening our new boss enquired what my plans were. I replied that I would get the brigades ready as quickly as possible and send them off; when I would remain a day, putting in the forenoon of the following day "drinking *tea* with the Indians!" He informed me sternly that this would cost me the prospect of a trip the following spring to appear before Sir George Simpson and the council. A record of this trip will appear in its place.

After the "drinking" was over and I had traded a large quantity of dried provisions and a few horses, we loaded up and caught up with the first brigade a day before we reached Lac la Biche. When we got in we found a number of Woods Indians and half-breed hunters waiting to get their supplies before starting on their winter hunt. Nearly all the supplies were given out on credit but we could trust nearly all our debtors—some good hunters to the extent of eight hundred "made beaver"—with practical certainty of receiving payment. Nowadays, however, if you trust the new, civilized Indian with fifty cents you do so in the practical certainty of losing that sum.

(*To be continued*)

A FAST WORKER.

Boss (to new boy): "You are the slowest youngster we ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?"

Boy: "Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as fast as I can."

SOME BUS

An American was, with gushing enthusiasm, describing his new car to an English visitor.

"It runs so smoothly," he said, "you can't feel it. Not a bit of noise; you can't hear it. Perfect ignition; you can't smell it. And speed, why it simply whizzes; you can't see it."

"My word!" exclaimed the Britisher, "How do you know the bally thing is theah?"

LA VERENDRYE

Exploring in the name of New France from Trois Rivieres to the Country of the Mandans

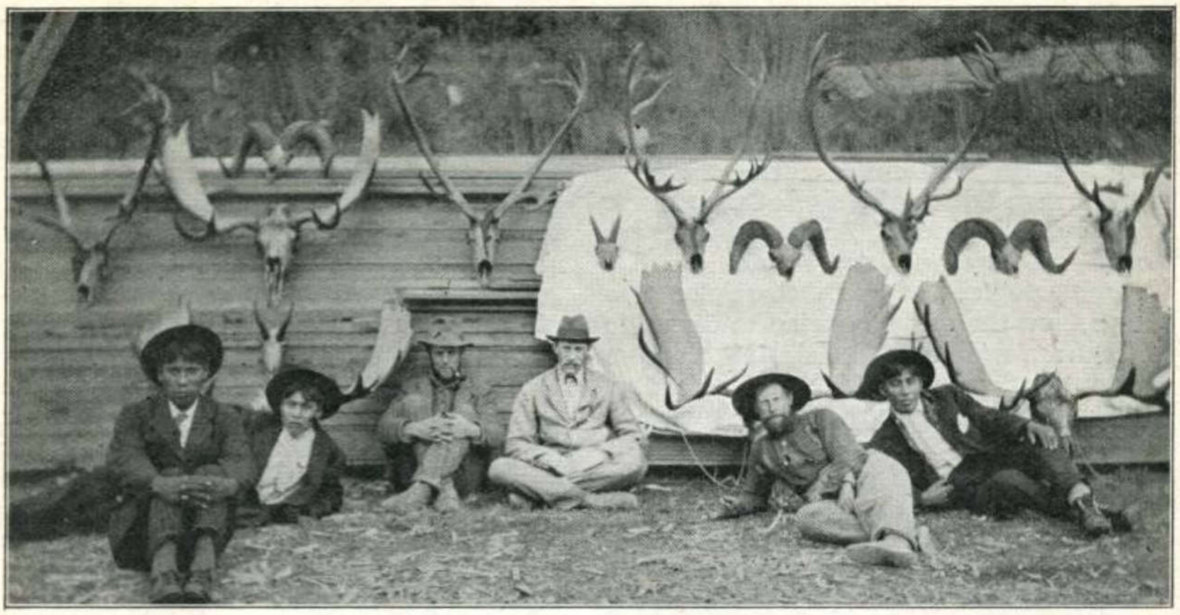
By PROF. D. C. HARVEY

(*Continued from last issue*)

BUT the Red River fort was abandoned in the autumn in favor of Fort Maurepas on the Winnipeg river.

La Verendrye met La Jemmeraye at Michilimackinac, commissioned him to take charge of Fort St. Charles and thus allow his son to proceed to Lake Winnipeg. He then went on to Montreal and was able after great personal sacrifice to procure the means of carrying on for some time longer. His original partners had called a halt; his men were clamoring for wages, and the French government was still insisting that the expedition should be financed entirely out of the profits of the western trade. But although La Verendrye had established the posts as agreed, he was forty-three thousand livres in debt, and he wanted the French government to give him a direct grant of thirty men, together with their outfit and expenses for three years. A compromise was effected whereby he rented his forts to his creditors for three years, giving them the right to manage them through agents. Though this left him freer to explore, it gave him a very limited outfit and he had to provide presents for the Indians out of his own pocket. On his return to the west he brought his youngest son, Louis Joseph, who had been sent to school so that he could learn to draw maps correctly. This meant that henceforth his four sons were committed to the great adventure.

On his return to the west, in 1735, accompanied by Father Aulneau, S.J., as successor to Father Mesaiger, he found Fort St. Charles on the brink of starvation and had to use the supplies intended for exploration to tide them over the crisis. He sent his nephew to Fort Maurepas, which had been built in the autumn of 1734 by Jean Baptiste, after his escape from the Cree expedition against the Sioux, and in February, 1736, he sent two of his sons and two other Frenchmen to keep him company at the post and prepared to join them in the spring. Unfortunately, provisions on the way from Montreal had



Viscount Lascelles, who last month wedded Princess Mary of England, is shown here (centre) with many trophies of the big game hunt arranged for him by the Company in the Cassiar district of British Columbia, autumn 1911. The figure at the left of Lascelles is that of a gentleman (unnamed) who accompanied him; others are guide and Indians of the party. This is but one of several big game expeditions in the Cassiar which have been arranged for famous personages by H.B.C.

been lost at Grand Portage and he was obliged to use the remainder of his outfit to keep his men alive. Following on this disaster came two others: his nephew, La Jemmeraye, died on May 10th, 1736, at the half-finished fort on the Red river, and this death led to the temporary abandonment of Fort Maurepas. Then on June 5th, Jean Baptiste, Father Aulneau and nineteen men on their way to meet the canoes from Montreal, in order to hurry relief to the fort, were surprised and slain by a party of Sioux at Massacre Island. Though the Sioux had been deceived by a party of Chippewas into thinking that the French had fired on them a few days before, the loss was none the less bitter for the explorer, who had given both his nephew and his eldest son to the cause of discovery, was on the brink of starvation with a small force in a barren wilderness and uncertain as to whether the war cry would be heard immediately at the very door of his fort. (As a matter of fact the excitement against the French was so great amongst the prairie Sioux that Fort Beauhaurnois had to be abandoned on May 30th, 1737.)

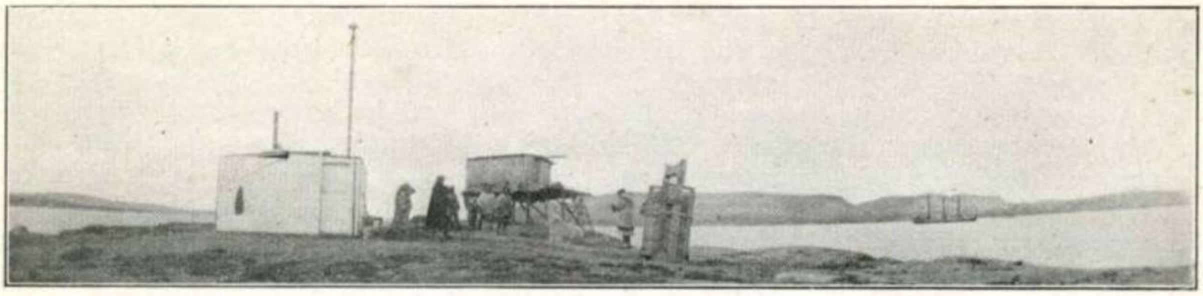
The Crees and Assiniboines swarmed around the French, demanding revenge and urging the explorer to take command. With difficulty he convinced them that it would be sheer madness to attempt war without powder or shot, and that it was absolutely essential to go hunting and gathering wild oats to keep the wolf from the door. In September, 1736, he sent one of his sons to Maurepas with six men and a casket of presents, instructing him to pacify the Indians there till he came. With his other sons he himself visited the fort in February, this being his first sight of Lake Winnipeg. He returned to St. Charles in June, 1737, left for Montreal with a brigade of furs, and after much dickering was able to equip a third expedition for the western sea. On his return in August of the following year he learned that a large expedition of over thirteen hundred Crees, Monsonis and Assiniboines had gone off against the Sioux, but had failed owing to an epidemic of smallpox which had broken out amongst them. He summoned a council of the Indians at Fort St. Charles in September, 1738, and gave them the command of the governor at Montreal to cease hostilities against the Sioux, and made preparations for immediate departure for what is now Manitoba.

On September 11th he left Pierre in charge of Fort St. Charles and with

Francois and Louis Joseph set out for Fort Maurepas—a company of six canoes. They arrived on September 22nd, started immediately for the forks of the Red and Assiniboine, which they reached on September 24th—the first white men to see the site of the future city of Winnipeg. They found there only ten Cree huts and two chiefs. La Verendrye feasted with these for two days, and though they tried to dissuade him from going up the Assiniboine, he set out on September 26th and pushed on to the point whence the Indians used to portage from Assiniboine to Lac des Prairies (Lake Manitoba). Here, at Portage la Prairie, he stopped on October 2nd and commenced the erection of Fort la Reine to intercept the trade towards Hudson's Bay. On the 9th he was joined by one of his partners, M. de la Marque, who reported that he had taken M. de Louvieres from Fort Maurepas to the Forks and had left him there to build a fort. This fort, Fort Rouge, was built in October, 1738, on the south bank of the Assiboine, but was soon abandoned, as Fort la Reine and Fort Maurepas were found sufficient to take care of all trade in those regions.

Having finished Fort la Reine, La Verendrye set out on October 18th to visit the Mandans, accompanied by Francois and Louis Joseph and twenty men, together with the Indians, who brought the party up to fifty-two. Three days later he came to an Assiniboine village, where he stopped for a buffalo feast. The next day he was joined by some six hundred Assiniboines, who came from all directions to meet him. He received all these Indians as his children and pushed on as rapidly as these six hundred voluntary guides would allow him. On November 28th he was met by a Mandan chief and four Assiniboines who had gone to announce his arrival. The chief assured him of a generous welcome, but in order to avoid entertaining so many Assiniboines he started the rumour that the Sioux were on the war-path again. This ruse at first almost succeeded, but an old chief shamed his followers into standing by La Verendrye, and they stayed. On December 3rd the whole party reached the Mandan fort, and although the Mandans showed superior intelligence in the construction of their villages and unusual providence in laying up supplies for the future, the explorer found that he had travelled three hundred cold and weary miles from Fort la Reine only to visit another tribe of Indians. These Indians were true to their blood in that the chief stole La Verendrye's bag of presents in order to make sure of getting them all, but he had no information that could assist the explorer in reaching the western sea.

La Verendrye decided to spend the winter with the Mandans, but when the second rumour of the approach of the Sioux caused all the Assiniboines to flee in haste, his interpreter went with them. As a result of this misfortune he decided to return to Fort la Reine, leaving a couple of Frenchmen to learn the Mandan language. He started on his return voyage on December 13th, but did not reach his destination until February 1st, 1739, having been very ill en route. "I have never," he says, "endured so much hardship, sickness and fatigue as on that journey." This journey to the Mandans was the last actually made by La Verendrye himself in search of the western sea, although he still kept up the good work through his sons. In the early spring of 1739 he sent the chevalier to visit Lake Manitoba and the mouth of the Saskatchewan. In 1740, he, himself, had to go once more to Montreal because his creditors had seized his furs at Michilimackinac and at the same time had refused to send him any more goods for trade. At Montreal he was met by a lawsuit which he settled out of court at great loss to himself and hurried back to Fort la Reine, which he reached October 17th, 1741. His sons built Fort Dauphin on the northwest shore of Lake Dauphin, Fort Bourbon at the mouth of Red Deer river on Lake Winnipegosis, ascended the Saskatchewan to the Forks and built Fort Paskoyar at what is now The Pas. In April, 1742, he sent Francois, the chevalier, and Louis Joseph to the Mandan country and they, by linking up with various tribes and travelling generally in a southwesterly direction, came within sight of the foothills of the Rockies, probably near the Big Horn range; but the vagueness of all accounts makes only uncertainty sure. Returning, opposite what is now Pierre (South



TREE RIVER Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Coronation Gulf, Western Arctic district. The figure at the extreme left is that of the postmaster's wife. Next to her stands Mrs. T. P. O'Kelly. A group of Eskimos is in the centre and T. P. O'Kelly is at the right (in blanket coat) ready to kodak the group. The meat house is seen "on stilts," out of the reach of dogs and prowling wolverines. The "Lady Kindersley" lies in the roadstead. She took in lumber for a new store at the post.

Dakota), they buried on March 30th, 1743, an inscribed plate which was discovered by a school girl in March, 1913.

On his return to Montreal in the fall of 1743 the great explorer and patriot was met with fresh charges of self-seeking. A new intendant, Bigot, was using his powerful influence against him and he was superseded in the western command. For six years his integrity and achievements were successfully misrepresented to the home government, but in 1749 a reaction took place in his favour and he was made chevalier of the Military Order of St. Louis and asked once more to take command of the forts in the west.

In September, 1749, he wrote: "I shall consider myself fortunate after all the suffering, hardship and danger I have gone through in this long period of exploration if I can at length establish my own disinterestedness, my ardent zeal and that of my children, for the glory of the king and the welfare of the colonies." But on December 5th he died and with him passed the future of his sons. Unworthy rivals succeeded to their labors but not to their skill or to their patriotism. Both they and the forts which they had built perished in obscurity. It was not until after the conquest that the west took an adequate place in the history of the fur trade. Then it was an alien race who used the inimitable French voyageur to follow in the footsteps of La Verendrye and his sons and push their trade and exploration to the western sea. But that same race which was alien to the French is now united with them to form the Canadian people. Both races are trying to form one Canadian nationality with a distinctive and worthy character; both can unite without reserve in admiring the patriotism, courage, tenacity, optimism, disinterestedness, love of peace, achievement against great odds, of La Verendrye, to whom they owe so much and to whose memory they have been so tardy in rendering justice. From him, too, both can learn that nothing is gained by harbouring and cultivating a sense of wrong, but rather that the future affords an opportunity to vindicate the past even to one's enemies and to show that "some work of noble note may yet be done, not unbecoming men who strove with gods."

Fundamentals of Textile Purchases

By J. C. DINSMORE

In the *Purchasing Agent*

MORE fully perhaps than in any other line does the purchase of textiles test the resources of the modern buyer. There are so many different types of textiles which may be used for such a wide variety of purposes that the process of selecting the one textile that will produce the greatest value per dollar expended is far from simple.

In purchasing textiles of various kinds the buyer may have the aid of a complete chemical and testing laboratory, or he may have to operate with very little equipment save his native shrewdness and his ability to judge the fairness and the honesty of the vendor. In any case, he ought to have at least a pocket linen glass and a teasing needle.

If he has no teasing needle an ex-

cellent substitute may be made by pulling the rubber from the end of a lead pencil, forcing a pin through it lengthwise and then returning the rubber to the end of the pencil. This gives you a fine point mounted on a handle. With the aid of the glass and the needle it is possible accurately to count the threads per square inch in both the warp and the woof of the cloth under examination.

The linen glass is nothing more than a small magnifying glass mounted over a folding base that has an aperture exactly one-quarter inch square. By the aid of the glass and the home-made teasing needle it is quite easy to count the number of threads running each way within the quarter-inch aperture at the base of the glass. By multiplying this number by four you get the number of threads per square inch. For instance, a piece of cheesecloth that shows seven threads running one way and eight threads running the other way is known as a 28 x 32 count cheesecloth.

Many considerations enter into the purchase of textiles for various purposes. Some of these considerations must be taken into account in the purchase of any textile and all of them have to be taken into account for some. They are:

A—Tensile strength.
B—Resistance to wear.
C—Ability to resist the action of special factors, such as the presence of moisture or acids.
D—Heat conductivity or lack of conductivity.
E—Appearance.
F—Permanency of this appearance.
G—Sizes in which available.
H—Cost—first cost and maintenance cost.

Testing conditions

The tensile strength of the sample under consideration can be tested by any one of several simple devices which record the breaking point under a uniform pull. Resistance to wear is just a bit more difficult to determine, as in order to make a fair test the actual service conditions to which the goods will be subject must be duplicated.

The ability of the various samples to withstand peculiar conditions under which the materials must be used may only be determined by duplicating in the laboratory, as accurately as may be, actual conditions. If the amount of material to be purchased is large, it is usually desirable to check farther the findings of the laboratory by first trying out a number of samples in the shop before the whole lot is purchased.

In arranging for the laboratory tests of any material it is well to keep constantly in mind the fact that the laboratory tests can, at best, only approximate on a small scale actual tests to which the material will be put in service. These laboratory tests are of great value and every modern purchasing agent should have at least occasional recourse to a reliable laboratory, but in the last analysis the only complete test is the ability of the given product to stand up under actual operating conditions in actual service.

In certain textiles, ability to act as non-conductors of heat is of prime importance. Much of the value of woolen goods depends upon the fact that they are good non-conductors of bodily heat and so tend to keep the wearer warm. In the purchase of certain types of textiles the appearance and the fabric's ability to retain this pleasing appearance for a reasonable length of time is of prime importance.

The suiting may have a pleasing stripe effect, but if the stripes wear off the second week it is not nearly as valuable as it might be. A prime requirement for suitings is a pleasing appearance and this pleasing appearance should last until the material is worn out; but another requirement is that the material should not wear too long. Most suitings used in this country are intentionally constructed so that they will last one season and no longer, and so that they will look well for the entire period of their life. Because of this fact, nearly fifty per cent. of the wool used in the United States is re-worked wool, or "shoddy."

Now, the use of re-worked wool lowers the cost of the fabric; and as the fabric, generally speaking, lasts until the styles change, there can be no objection to the use of re-worked wool or shoddy. An added argument, and a good one, in favor of the continued use of re-worked wool, even in our best suitings, is that at the present rate of consumption and at the present rate of production there would not be enough wool in the country to give everybody one new suit per year.

It is a well known fact that woolen clothes may be turned out that will not only last more than one season, but will last practically for a generation. For instance, the average French peasant buys one new suit when he is married, and he wears that same suit for all state occasions until it comes time to be buried in it. Because he normally does not have one new suit a year, but only one new suit in a lifetime he must have a suit of clothes made of materials that will withstand that sort of wear.

How to Reduce Forwarding Expense

By SIDNEY KAUFMAN

WHEN we compare the first class freight rate from Montreal and Toronto ($2.67½ per 100 lbs.) with the express rate from same points ($9.70 and $8.90 per 100 lbs.) and take into consideration the time made now by the railway companies between the above two cities and Winnipeg, namely seven and six days, it would seem that considerable economy can be exercised.

Why are shipments routed express, and is the difference in service worth the difference in rates?

In the following discussion, Montreal and Toronto to Winnipeg will be used, although conditions would equally apply to other points in Eastern Canada to other points in Western Canada.

Express service is used on account of the faster movement of merchandise, and also for packages too light in weight to move individually by freight.

Regarding the time saved between express and freight shipments, I maintain it is now so small that it should not be considered as a dominating factor. Freight moving from warehouse at Toronto to warehouse in Winnipeg in six days against express shipments taking forty-six hours for the same distance is not worth the difference between $8.90 and $2.67½, or $6.22½ per 100 lbs.

To make this a little clearer: express on the average costs two per cent. more on value of shipment than freight, and so costs two cents on every dollar. Advance this by fifty per cent. mark-on cost, giving three cents in every dollar sales, and figuring on a sales volume of $500,000, the public pays for $15,000 transportation instead of merchandise.

To overcome this excess cost, it is recognized that the manager of a department would have to anticipate his requirements somewhat and would have to plan his buying perhaps a little more systematically than is generally done today.

The second reason for express shipments—that individual packages would be too light in weight to move economically by freight—can also be removed to a large extent, if not quite eliminated.

Owing to trade conditions, merchandise is being bought in comparatively small quantities, and this policy causes a large number of shipments of say between thirty and seventy-five pounds which in this shape cannot be shipped either by express or by freight to advantage, but if two or more of these shipments were consolidated into one in a case or crate the saving is astonishing.

A consignment of merchandise weighing fifty-four pounds was forwarded to the Winnipeg store as an enclosure with another firm's goods at point of shipment, and our charges were $1.34. If shipped separately by express it would have cost us $5.55, and by freight $3.28 including cartage.

To consolidate small freight shipments to the best advantage, of course, calls for centralized control, that is, routing and dispatching.

SENIOR SERVICE STILL LEADS

Challenges "Saleshops."

By J. B. Neil

MOOSE FACTORY, one of the oldest fur trade posts, has established a record in the H.B.C. service for quick delivery.

An order was received February 5th at 9 a.m. It was parcelled up and, with streamers attached, dropped to our customer from an aeroplane at a point almost a hundred miles away, within an hour of its departure from Moose. Can any of the best H.B.C. stores beat this?

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Throughout the Service

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Vol. II APRIL, 1922 No. 7

Serving *New* Canada

PRESTIGE wanes. Good reputation is never secure but must constantly be renewed. Woodrow Wilson said, "If you would keep a white post *white* you must continue painting it white."

The approaching 252nd Anniversary of H.B.C. gives fresh occasion to wonder how a mercantile firm could have escaped decrepitude for that amazing stretch of time. What solidarity of *goodwill* it must have created through the years! Enemies and ill-wishers it must have had a-plenty, but surely the preponderance of SERVICE must have been on its side or H.B.C. would have fallen by the wayside long ago.

Yet prestige wanes. The white post must be repainted white for each oncoming generation.

The day when Indians and oldtimers clove to the "Great Traders of the Great West" is passing out. For every oldtimer whose most ingrained habit is to buy from H.B.C., come what may, there are a thousand Canadians of a newer generation thronging past the Company's doors. Many of them are H.B.C. customers. Many more might be.

But none of these were here *when the Company ruled*. Neither they nor their children, now growing up, know anything of the days when people drove ox-teams or dogs or paddled canoes miles on miles to buy necessaries at the Company's stores; when folks took a day or a week to make their purchases, the women sipping tea at the manager's house, the men strolling among squatted Indians to converse and smoke in the back room while their bundles of merchandise were being tied up in a blanket.

The Great Company won and held the loyalty of the aborigines, then the pioneers and now enjoys the *goodwill* of their descendants. But how about the children of today, the third generation away from Factor days, and the immigrants, the new Canadians?

These are the present and future customers of H.B.C. *Today* looms much larger in their eyes than the most inspiring recital of tradition. Only in such measure as the Company serves the new requirements and satisfies the changed tastes of the twentieth century Canada, will the Company's great prestige be renewed and kept vigorous. It must not wane.

Is it Fair?

THOUGH we have heard the jingle of sleigh bells this last week in March; though curlers have not yet surrendered the besom; and while ear muffs are almost necessary in Western Canada, they are trying to *force* Spring on us just because, probably, it is spring in New Orleans or other more southerly clime.

The stores have staged their grand Spring Openings with liberal representation of birds and flowers—while Manitoba lies under the snow.

They've put forward all the fine Spring toggery and laid out the golf goods. Is it fair to tantalize in this way?

Seedsmen weeks ago inundated our sturdy prairie dwellers with catalogs. Big fat, red tomatoes and the greenest peas that ever were stare one in the face from their tantalizing pages—while Manitoba watches its step on icy sidewalks. Is it fair?

Hudson's Bay Acquires Saskatoon Store

J. F. Cairns, Limited, Premier Department Store of Saskatchewan, to be Added April 15th to H.B.C. Chain.

THE PURCHASE by the Hudson's Bay Company of the Saskatoon departmental store of J. F. Cairns, Limited, was announced on March 28th.

The Hudson's Bay Company will take over the operation of the store on April 15th. Ill health prompted Mr. Cairns to dispose of his business, which he had built up from a small beginning in 1902 until today it is the premier store in Saskatchewan.

The building, which is 100x140 feet, five storeys and basement, is of steel and concrete with pressed brick frontage, was occupied in 1913, and is regarded as the finest store building in Saskatchewan. Aside from its fireproof construction, the building is protected by a thorough sprinkler system. The fixtures on the main and second floors are finished in mahogany, as well as the spacious show windows; the grocery department and offices are in oak, and the hardware and glassware departments in white enamel. The store contains the most modern equipment for facilitating service to customers and a battery of elevators ensures quick and easy access to any floor.

The acquisition of this store will bring the number of modern department stores operated by the Hudson's Bay Company up to eleven; two in Saskatchewan, three in Alberta, five in British Columbia and one in Manitoba, in addition to wholesale branches in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver.

The employees of the Cairns store will, to the greatest possible extent, largely now become members of the H. B. C. stores staff.

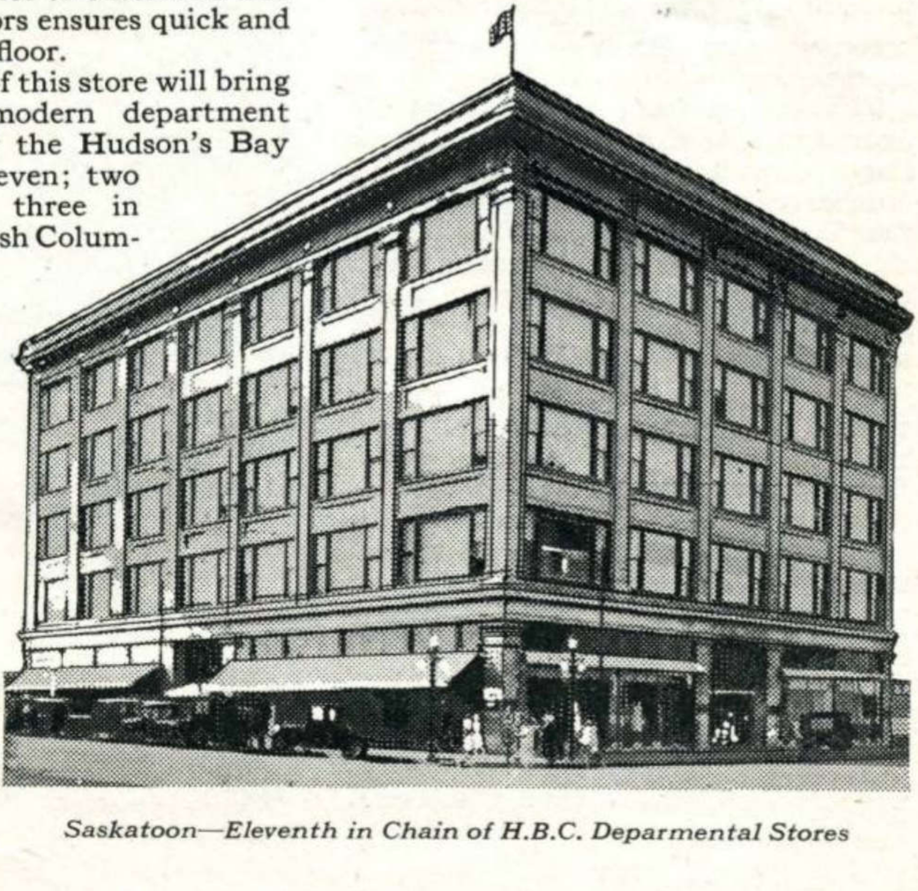
Radio

HAVE you a little wireless telephone outfit in your home? If recent reports are true, thousands even less flourishing than fordowners may now enjoy, for a modest sum, the use of this *quondam* wonder of science.

Each New York policeman, for example, is said to be a walking radio station. Should he be scouting down a dark lane to nab a footpad and suddenly hear the tinkle of a bell within his apparatus, he can adjust the "listener" and get the latest tip from headquarters right out of the air.

Radio sets are being installed in homes. Mother can invite her tea guests and order groceries by this means. Father has an outfit in the car; on the way to the links he can radio a pal and ask him to put a ball in the trough. Boy Scout brother wouldn't be without his radio for woodcraft excursions.

Who knows but that the radio—even now becoming a common or garden variety of instrument—may yet render obsolete our old-fashioned telephone and telegraph. And such a lot of wire there will be for fencing and electrocutional purposes if this radio fad becomes a habit of the solid citizen.



Saskatoon—Eleventh in Chain of H.B.C. Deparmental Stores

The Tale of the Squirrel

By S. HOPPENKOPF
(Leipsig Correspondent)

READERS of *The Beaver* will be interested to learn that squirrels, whose fur is so much liked by ladies and gentlemen all over the world, are found in great numbers in the northern parts of Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Siberia. In winter they nourish themselves on nuts, mostly from the fir tree, and in summer on mushrooms.

Squirrels, like many other fur bearing animals, change their summer coat, which is thin and red in colour, for a winter fur, which is rough, full, and of a nice light grey to dark blue shade.

The colours of squirrels' fur are affected by the different regions in which they live: generally, they assume the main colour of the forests they live in, and it so happens that, when the crop of fir nuts in one part of Siberia becomes scarce, as is sometimes the case, or when wood fires occur, they are compelled to migrate in masses to another region and remain there for perhaps a couple of years, their fur assuming the colour of the forests to which they have migrated. They then return to their old home and after two or three years the colour of their fur becomes again what it was before they departed.

My friends from the Yenisseysky district tell me that in their experience they have known all but a small number of squirrels to disappear from the Toorukhrnsk regions for five to six years, so that the trapper, who used to collect from 20,000 to 30,000 skins each year, was only able to find during this period from 3000 to 4000.

Squirrels are so extremely prolific and mature so quickly that the trappers are able to shoot, in the same season, the children's children.

Trappers find the squirrels by means of little Siberian white dogs, which have the appearance of white foxes. The name of these dogs is "Laika" and they discover the whereabouts of the squirrels by their keen sense of smell. The squirrels on the top of the trees get so excited and fascinated by the fierce looks of their enemies that the trappers have no difficulty in aiming at them. It often happens that they are able to shoot them direct in their noses, and thus avoid any damage to the skin.

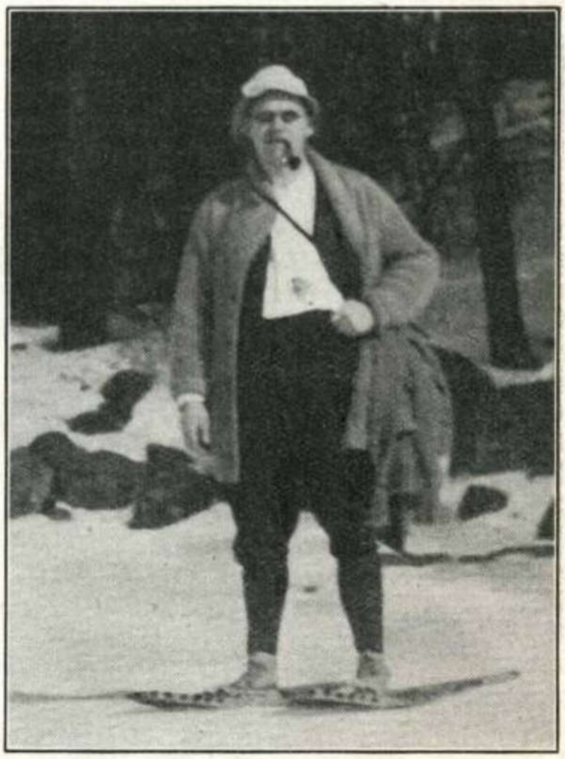
The rough and bushy tails of the squirrels play a very important part in their lives. These act as a support when springing from tree to tree, and also when migrating and swimming across a river the tails are kept rigid above the water, for should a wave wet them the squirrels would at once sink and drown.

F.T.C.O. News

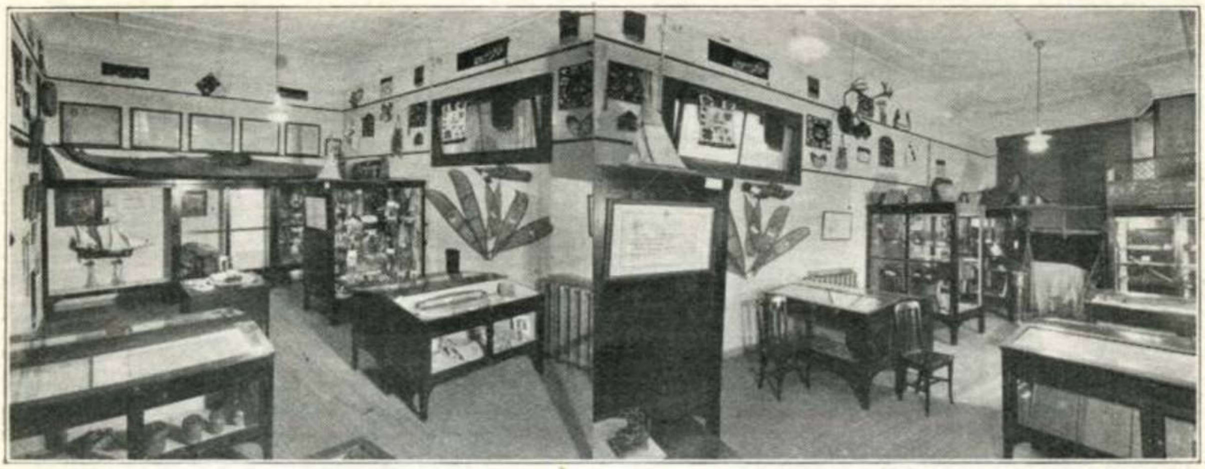
ISLE A LA CROSS post store of the Hudson's Bay Company was destroyed by fire on the morning of Tuesday, March 21st. At the time of going to press no further details were available. Isle a la Cross is two-hundred and fifty miles northeast of Edmonton, in Saskatchewan district.

RALPH PARSONS, district manager for the Labrador, sailed from Liverpool, March 25th, on the *Montcalm* for Montreal.

J. J. BARKER, district manager for Saskatchewan, was in Winnipeg the week of March 20th, conferring with the fur trade commissioner.



YES, that's W. R. Ogston behind the goggles—vacationing in the winter-time in the East-of-Winnipeg wilderness.



H.B.C. Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg, to be opened this spring

New H.B.C. River Steamer

ADVICES from McMurray state that work on the new H.B.C. steamer for the Athabasca service will shortly commence at the northern river port. Buildings are now being erected on the prairie for the accommodation of the shipbuilders. George Askew, head mechanic, is expected to arrive from Vancouver shortly, where he superintended the dismantling of the ship, which was erected there.

Albany Post News

A SAD accident occurred here on the 8th inst., when Mr. J. Lescaudron, manager of Revillon Brothers post, was drowned through the upsetting of his canoe while seal hunting.

The unfortunate man had gone out that morning, accompanied by his wife and eldest son, a boy about five years old, to spend the day hunting and picnicing. On arrival at a branch of the river about two miles above the post, known locally as Yellows Creek, a seal was seen which Mr. Lescaudron fired at and evidently wounded. After putting his family ashore he followed it and managed to strike with his harpoon, but the line had got tangled and when the seal tried to get away the canoe turned bottom up. Three times he managed to get on the upturned canoe, but after each attempt was thrown back in the water by the jerking of the canoe by the seal. After the third attempt he was probably too weak to climb up again, as he called to his wife "Good bye, I can do no more," and immediately disappeared.

Boarders

THE JOYS of a boarding house existence are recalled by the appended mathematical deductions set down many years ago by a man now high up in the stores department of the Company. He was then of the homeless legion who sit down to prunes or hash thrice a day but is now a home owner and the head of a large family.

Boarding House Euclid

DEFINITIONS

1. All boarding houses are the same boarding house.
2. Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another.
3. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
4. The landlady of the boarding house is a parallelogram, that is, an oblong, angular figure which cannot be described, but is equal to anything.
5. All other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double one.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.
2. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.
3. A bee line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.
4. The clothes of a boarding house bed stretched ever so far both ways will not meet.
5. Any two meals in a boarding house are together less than one square meal.
6. On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there should not be more than two charges for the same thing.
7. If there be two boarders on the same floor and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the other boarder and the landlady, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal, for if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other is less than it might have been, which is ABSURD.

Steamboating for the H.B.C. on the Saskatchewan

By O-GE-MAS-ES (Little Clerk)

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THE Hudson's Bay Company had with much energy and considerable expenditure placed two steamers on Lake Winnipeg and several boats on the river above the Grand Rapids, and as this system was fairly successful for transportation of freight it gradually replaced the Red river cart transport. Occasionally one of the river boats would reach Edmonton. Twice, I think, in one season was the record of the *Nor'-West*, which, by the way, was the most successful craft of them all, carrying two hundred tons on an exceedingly light draft of water.

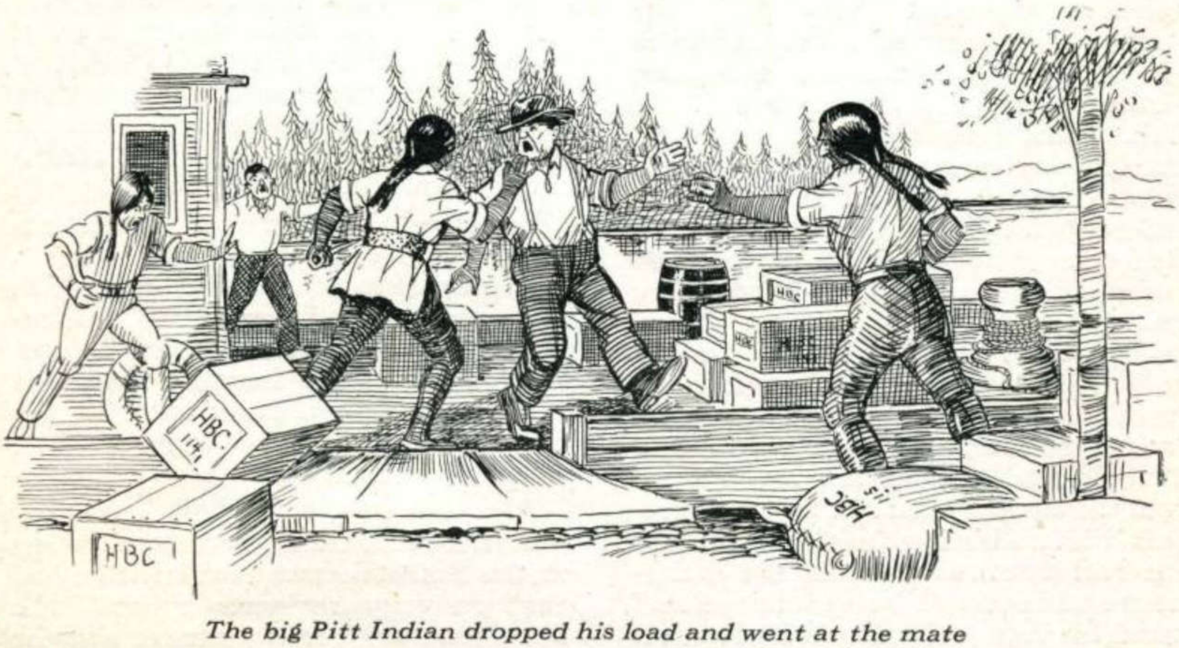
American captains and mates from the Mississippi and Missouri rivers were employed exclusively, but our own natives speedily took to piloting and some of them became experts. The crews were all Indians chiefly drawn from The Pas and Grand Rapids, but a few Plain Indians from above Prince Albert occasionally engaged for a trip or two.

I was receiving and shipping freight in the summer of 1877 at Grand Rapids (Mr. Alex. Matheson, "transport manager"), and when loading the *Nor'-West* on one occasion I noted the big fat Yankee mate who was standing on the deck at the gangway singing a rough chantee song to the Indians passing him heavily loaded, from one to two hundred pounds a man being the general load. Occasionally, to hurry matters, he would kick an Indian in the posterior while passing and break forth into: "Come along, come along, you sons of ———, come a-running," and so on. Amongst the Indians was a wild-looking big chap who hailed from Fort Pitt, with a long plait of jet-black hair hanging to his waist, wearing a broad belt of parchment buffalo hide studded with brass tacks and a big scalping knife, the sheath of which was decorated in the same way. His whole costume consisted of a cotton shirt a pair of cloth leggings and a breech clout. I saw this Indian's eyes flash as the mate was doing his kicking stunt and thought he looked dangerous; so, walking down the gangway I tapped Mr. Mate on the shoulder and warned him this was not a crew of southern niggers, but red Indians and dangerous men to monkey with. His reply was a stream of profanity: "Let me attend to the freight checking and he would hustle the —— ——— —— ————" and so on. I returned to the warehouse and kept my eye on the mate. The big Pitt Indian had a heavy load placed on his shoulders and down the gangway he went with his shirt fluttering in the breeze. He received a tremendous kick behind, and in an instant Mr. Mate was on his back and the Indian furiously stabbing him. Several of us rushed to the rescue, and it took us all our time to hold the savage, who was in a mad fury, yelling he had never been insulted before and only death could wipe out the stain. We noted some blood on the knife and thought it was all up with the mate, but fortunately he had managed to twist his body and dodge the knife and was only bleeding from scratches. Never was a man so changed. He was too scared to go back to his duty, as he felt certain either his opponent or the other Indians would scalp him, and we finally had to ship him in to Fort Garry by the lake boat. Gradually the Yankee mates were done away with and our steady Scotchmen replaced them. These, though slower, had the faculty of getting on well with the native crews.

Indians dislike profanity, and the Crees, whose language is generally understood throughtout the North, have no swear words in their vocabulary. The captain of the *Northcote* that summer was an artist in many and strange oaths, and when these failed him in moments of emergency down went his hat on the deck and on it he jumped with both feet. His desperate language had made trouble on several occasions and he was warned to guard his speech. We had just loaded the *Northcote* with 160 tons of freight for Prince Albert, working day and night as was usual at the depot (more especially as the water was steadily falling in the upper river), and away she went. The evening of the next day a canoe arrived with a letter from the captain stating he was tied up with a strike and all his crew on shore. The chief asked me to go up at once and try to settle the difference (as I had managed to do on other occasions), so within half an hour I was on my way up the river with an Indian and bark canoe and a heavy paddle ahead of us. The scene of the strike was at Chemahawin at the west end of Cedar lake and fortunately, the night being calm, we were able to make the long traverse safely and finally reached the steamer.

Captain ——— could hardly articulate for rage and every second word was an oath (the poor beggar did not seem able to help it). I noted the men all sitting down and smoking on the bank and grinning at the boss's discomfiture. I at last coaxed him into his cabin and told him the situation was a serious one with the river falling daily, and he was liable to lose his job if he did not cool down. Well, he was helpless, so asked what I would advise. I gave him this ultimatum: He was to go into his cabin and remain there, hand the boat over to me with authority, failing this I would return and report the matter. He at once marched me round to the mate and steward, gave orders to this effect and returned to his cabin.

I walked on shore very leisurely and busied myself shaking hands with the malcontents, told them the latest news from the rapids and generally had a good gossip. Finally I said, "Boys, it's dry talking and I want a lunch," so yelled "Steward" at the top of my voice. Then to him "You see my friends here; we are hungry, get your waiters busy and serve us up a first class lunch, and do it quick." This was done at once and a merry scene followed. Jokes against the Big Knives (Yankees) and broad witticisms of all kinds flew from mouth to mouth. One huge Indian called Sha-ke-mace (Mosquito) was the strongest man on board and evidently a ringleader in the strike. We had all lit our pipes, when I issued a challenge to Sha-ke-mace. We would divide the men, tossing up for first choice, and I bet him two sacks of flour to one that my gang could outwork his in a given space of time. The challenge was accepted and, though night had come, it made no difference, as there were plenty of flares. Never was freight unloaded and the boat wooded in quicker time. As all the dialogue had been carried on in Cree it was quite a mystery to the officers of the steamer, but I passed the buck to the chief engineer to start at once;



The big Pitt Indian dropped his load and went at the mate

then visited the old man in the cabin and advised him to keep out of the way as much as possible until the men's anger had cooled down. So away they went, I returning to the Rapids at a much more leisurely gait than when we came up.

Poor old Captain W——, an able steamboat man, but when trouble of any kind arose he became wild with excitement and his language was unwritable. The *Northcote* made the forks of the Saskatchewan all right, but there was not water enough to ascend the Cole's falls; so the freight was unloaded there and hauled up to Prince Albert by team a distance of about fifty miles.

A Runaway Car at Grand Rapids Portage

Three and a half miles of steel rails crossed the portage, the height of land was about midway and there was a down grade from there both ways. Small flat cars carrying from three to four tons were used and mules were the motive power. Hauling up from the lake end to the start of the down grade, the mule's single tree was unhooked, the car ran on by its own weight and the mule trotted behind, the driver regulating the speed by a chain brake. The brake chains were old and in poor shape; new ones had been ordered but were never supplied. Sitting at dinner one day at the fine residence at the upper end of the portage with a number of passengers waiting for a steamer up the river, a thundering noise was heard. I dashed out, and here round the bend came a heavily loaded car at a furious speed, a very black French half-breed, with his hair flying in the wind, twisting the brake with all his might; but the chain had broken, and his efforts were fruitless. There was a neat gravel walk from the track right up to our front door, and as poor Beardie came to this and noted the big warehouse doors were shut beyond he gave a wild glance round and noting me jumped from the car and slid right up the gravel walk, his feet hitting the step hard. He was half unconscious with the excitement and shock, and on examination I found his legs and stern full of gravel pellets which, as there was no resident doctor, I extracted with a pocket knife, using a log for an operating table.

The car hit some loose freight on the track and dashed through the doors of the warehouse, which fortunately was piled up with flour at that end and acted as a buffer, and the damage was not extensive. On reporting the matter, new chains were promptly supplied; so there was some good came out of the accident. Mr. Mule had quietly trotted back to his stable at the lower end.

Retribution

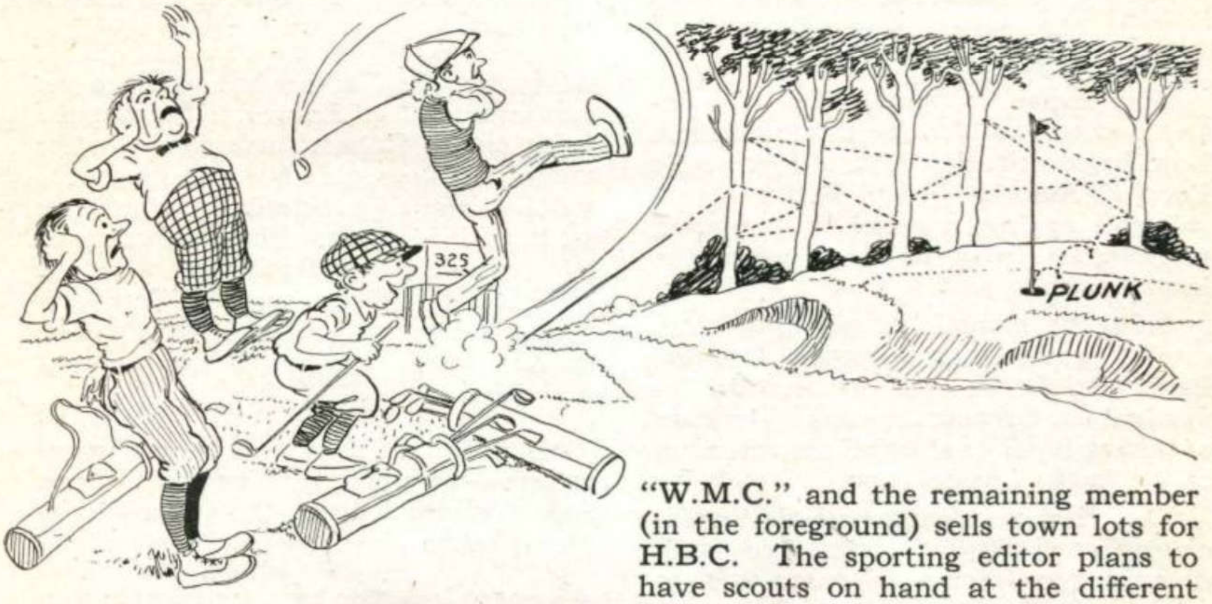
It was rather righteous retribution on this man, as some time before this when we had a lot of loose freight piled under tarpaulins at the lower end of the portage I caught him with both hands down to the elbows in a big firkin of butter; the time about midnight; his intention evidently being to pull the butter out and fill up the firkin with rubbish so it would not check short. I well remember it was flitting moonlight, and the expressions on his face would have made a good picture—one was murderous, then fear, and so on. Firkin and all, I marched him round to a leather tepee where we slept, woke up the men, had his hands tied behind his back and set a guard over him until morning, he begging and praying me for silence and forgiveness. I phoned the chief—for one of our clever mechanics had made a telephone which actually worked with empty cans and wire—to come over, which he did in the morning, and we gave him a summary trial. Deferred sentence was the verdict and a careful watch was to be kept on him throughout the summer.

Between his groans as I was extracting the gravel and then using a strong mixture of carbolic acid which no doubt smarted considerably, I reminded him of his fall from honesty, and said no doubt the accident happened to him as a special punishment for his crime. For some time after this he slept on his face, much to the amusement of his comrades.

Like the cart transport, steamboating on the Saskatchewan had its day, and was gradually replaced by rail, the Canadian Pacific railway traversing the prairies and the Qu'Appelle and Long Lake running up to Prince Albert.

The Hudson's Bay Company with their far-seeing vision had sold out part of their interest in 1883 to a transportation company, retaining however the right of first shipments over all comers.

WINNIPEG



Introducing the

Hole-in-One Club

By JIGGER

WINNIPEG believes a march has been stolen on all other H.B.C. branches in the formation of the HOLE-IN-ONE CLUB. Although the snow is still a foot thick on the greensward this pioneer club already has four charter members. (It should be said that membership in the club is not by application or acceptance, but by *appointment*. The sporting editor of this journal makes the appointments).

Charter members sketched are well known in the service. They have *not* been selected for prowess shown during "winter training," but rather for their unique showing of last season. The member driving is from the golf goods section of the H.B.C. store; the astonished member in checked pants is a man high up in the *pro pelle cutem* profession; the gleeful member clutching driver in his hand signs the register "W.M.C." and the remaining member (in the foreground) sells town lots for H.B.C. The sporting editor plans to have scouts on hand at the different links for the first day's play and further appointments to the club will be announced in due course.

H.B.C. Football Association Forms

THE OLDTIME Hudson's Bay spirit and enthusiasm for football underwent a revival last month at Winnipeg. A mass meeting of employees from the several H.B.C. branch staffs in the city was held March 27th in the wholesale building to organize the Hudson's Bay Company's Football Association.

Election of patrons, officers and executive committee was as follows:

Honorary President

Sir Robert M. Kindersley, G.B.E.

Honorary Vice-Presidents

Edward FitzGerald, C.B.E.
James S. Braidwood
Angus Brabant
J. M. Gibson
C. W. Veysey
W. R. Ogston
H. F. Harman

Patrons

Sir Augustus Nanton
W. S. Lecky
James Thomson
H. H. Hollier
John Calder

President
C. M. Thomas
Vice-President
A. Brock
Secretary
E. B. Johnson
Treasurer
R. J. Hughes
Executive Committee
Two representatives from each of the various departments
League Representative
A. W. Hood
Trainer and Assistant
Tom Johnston and D. Swan

The league representative was instructed to vote for the proposed form L in the constitution of the Mercantile Football Association which, if adopted, will rule against a senior player being permitted to play on any mercantile league team.

A finance committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Johnston, Hughes, Edmonds, Brock and Johnson to investigate and report on ways and means of raising funds to start off the activities of the football association.

The view was expressed that sufficiently good playing material is available in the various departments to assure a football team for H.B.C. that should take high honors in the league this season, and it is expected that the association will have enthusiastic support from all employees who are interested in this sterling sport.

The first function planned to give the football association a rousing send-off is said to be a dance and whist drive at Norman hall about April 27th. It is hoped that three to four hundred H.B.C. employees from all departments and their friends will be on hand.

Retail Store Notes

We are pleased to report the convalescence of Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Hutsell and Mr. Snyder, all of whom have been seriously ill; also Miss Mills, who has been absent several weeks owing to an accident.

Miss O'Grady, buyer for gloves, hosiery, etc., had the misfortune to break her ankle while in Toronto and will be laid up for several weeks as a result. Her homecoming was accomplished by way of a bath chair. She now directs her several departments by 'phone from her rooms.

Miss Tatersall is with us again after a month's absence through illness.

A number of others are on the sick list, due, perhaps, to the early change in the weather.

Mrs. Thorburn, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Calgary, gave us a call on her way east.

Miss Myrtle Carson left us since the last issue of *The Beaver* to become the bride of Mr. Robert Anderson. On the eve of her departure she was presented with a beautiful eiderdown comforter by her friends here. Mr. Hughes made the presentation, referring to the length of time she had been with the Company (about six years). Miss Carson will be greatly missed in social and dancing activities.

Things that don't get you anywhere—wearing other people's shoes. Ask a young lady in the grocery telephone booth.

A young lady has been frequently seen visiting the hairdressing parlor since a certain blonde gentleman joined the adjustment bureau staff.

Reward—for information leading to the capture of the desperado who left a banana skin on his trail. Mr. Mills of the provisions department will pay handsomely.

Miss Burns, of the notion department, was surprised with a miscellaneous shower the night of March 17th by her associates, in view of her approaching marriage.

A tall gentleman connected with department 34 received quite a shock the other night while waiting on a street corner. A fire engine came careering along and turned too abruptly, with the result that one of its axles broke. The detached wheel bore down upon our friend at a great pace. With fine presence of mind he ran up a side lane, but the wheel followed. Long legs and speed won in the end. Those who saw the accident declare he had a very narrow escape from serious injury and is to be congratulated.

Tots Are Models in Spring Opening

THE unique demonstration of "Kiddies' Wearables" exhibited by dainty little girl models was a happy thought in connection with our Spring Opening week. The performance was staged amid spring-like surroundings on the second floor. Eight little maids ranging in age from four to twelve years promenaded in true *mannequin* fashion.

The garments worn were taken from stock; good, sensible attire, well suited to the needs of children in all walks of life, for school, for play, in the home or out.

Natty little bloomer dresses took the fancy of everyone, in addition to other fetching wee dresses, rompers and spring coats.

Besides three parades in various changes by the entire group, some very special numbers were contributed by Miss Alfreda Shepherd and Kathleen Newhouse in the form of song and dance. These little artists are each aged six years and as charming and highly trained as one would meet anywhere. Good music was provided by our own *Donalda* phonograph and piano.

Coming to the more practical point of view, the response from the public was extremely gratifying.

The show was put on four days in succession before packed audiences. Without a doubt the finest thing of its kind Winnipeg has witnessed in many a season, its very unusualness and daintiness delighted all beholders.

WINNIPEG EVENING TECH. SCHOOLS

By T. F. REITH

MUCH is heard in an indirect way about the fine technical schools of Winnipeg and the good work they are doing. It is only by a personal visit of inspection, or by taking an active interest in them either as pupil or teacher that their true value is realized.

We have two schools, St. John's and Kelvin, which rank second to none in Canada and in some respects on the continent. Another, the J. C. McIntyre, will soon be in course of construction.

The past several winters through my connection as instructor in show card writing, I have had an insight into the vast variety of subjects taught and the kinds of people who take advantage of the schools. Subjects which are most popular with the feminine sex are millinery, dressmaking, cookery and gymnastics. From misses in their early teens to middle-aged, portly matrons, the ranks of these classes are made up. Their creations in the way of millinery, dresses and children's wear would do credit to the most skilled needleworkers. Art work is also much in favor with the girls.

Men's interests are broader and are catered to extensively. Training for every trade is offered. The equipment of the classes is equal to the best that can be found in up-to-date industrial concerns.

Woodwork-machine operating, metal turning and machine work, blacksmithing, printing, electrical engineering, auto repairing and operating, electric wiring, plumbing, steam fitting, carpentry, building, mechanical drawing, card sign writing are but a few of the subjects taught both in a practical and technical manner. Wherever possible individual instruction is given in operating machinery and carrying out the various parts of the work in hand, resulting in very thorough and practical knowledge.

Instructors are elected from among practical men who have an up-to-date knowledge of their subjects. The hours of instruction, 7.30 to 9.30, are all too short both to the pupils and instructors, so intensely interested do most of them become. Although some of the store's people attend it is no doubt through lack of knowledge as to just how good the schools are that more do not take advantage of the courses. Tuition is practically free.

The class I am interested in (card sign writing) draws pupils from many callings, their ages ranging from boys and girls of fifteen to men of forty and over. Some are salesmen in stores, others clerks in offices or warehouses, one or two of them are tradesmen, carpenters and painters who desire a change of occupation. One of the most apt pupils I have taught was a young man, fresh from Iceland, who had a very small knowledge of English, but picked up our alphabet very rapidly indeed.

Another man was deaf and dumb and had to be instructed by writing down the lessons, questions and replies. He made rapid progress, being very observant and quick to grasp meanings.

Several of the pupils are already doing creditable work in the way of cards for the stores where they are employed. During my years as a department store card writer, many an occasion arose when I could have used the services of some clerk with a small knowledge of lettering, but none was available.

Fellow cardwriters in other stores will no doubt bear me out in this scarcity of help when work is rushed.

The demand for good cardwriters is ever present and opens a field of usefulness peculiarly adapted to retail clerks.

Managers Planning for Anniversary Sale Record

MANAGERS' weekly meetings recommenced Wednesday, March 15th, after a layoff of about a month, while so many were absent on buying trips.

A full attendance was present and, besides other matters, the forthcoming Anniversary sale was discussed and

various working committees formed. Mr. Gilkerson was appointed chairman of merchandise committee, Mr. Hughes of store service, Mr. Reith, publicity, and Mr. Drennan, competition.

It behooves these committees now to arouse the fullest possible enthusiasm throughout the whole staff, get everybody thinking and talking about the great event—our 252nd Birthday!

Though we're up against big things of former years to beat, if all do their utmost with the proper spirit there's no doubt Winnipeg at least will make a success of the Anniversary sale.

Windows of Spring

CONGRATULATIONS are being showered upon Mr. Davison and his display staff on the new window backgrounds which were revealed to view the morning of March 18th in readiness for the Spring Opening Merchandise Display and Sales Days.

The consensus of opinion places them among the very best that have appeared throughout the many our store has seen. The setting represents the exterior wall of a formal garden. At each end of the window is an iron gateway revealing a vista of pathways, flower-beds and foliage, some of which peeps above the wall. This latter forms the back of the window and is formed of rough plaster bricks, tinted in delicate blues, greens and grey, topped here and there with fancy urns containing flowers. Rambler roses climb over the wall in artistic profusion. Rich green felt makes an effective floor covering.

The whole ensemble gives an atmosphere of greater depth and springlike freshness to the windows and will without doubt aid in displaying all manner of merchandise to the fullest advantage.

"Rumored but not Confirmed"

SKITS upon fellow workers under the above heading will be given a rest for a time. Blackhand letters and dire threats heard from some of the public characters mentioned in previous *Beavers* have decided Ye Ed for his health's sake to omit such notes this time.

Welfare Association

A MEETING of the H.B.C. employees' welfare association was held March 18th in the store.

Election of officers for the ensuing six months resulted as follows: *W.R. Ogston, president; Miss Smith, treasurer; Mr. Harrison, secretary;* and a general committee composed of the following: *Misses L. Livingstone, M. Pardo, M. Rundle, A. Parker; Messrs. F. Parker, R. Hoccon, E. Hardiman, R. J. Hughes, J. H. Pearen, A. H. Robinson* and *D. Coulter.*

In his secretarial report Mr. Harrison gave a resume of the excellent work accomplished during the winter in the relief of many who had suffered illness. He mentioned the fact that a satisfactory balance of $423.32 was on hand.

At the suggestion of the secretary the question of employing permanent medical aid was discussed and a move made with a view to still further benefitting. the membership.

That the association is of tangible benefit to those unfortunate enough to fall sick was clearly evident when the question of minor beneficial donations, fruit, flowers, etc., was discussed. It was decided to continue this good work at the discretion of the directors.

A strong sick and visiting committee was appointed, representative of all departments of the store, consisting of: *Misses L. Livingstone, Budden, C. Burnside, L. Booth, B. Ould, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Matthews; Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. H. Sharpe; Messrs. R. J. Hughes, L. Jones, G. W. Ashbrooke, G. Bowdler, D. Coulter and W. Swain.* Mr. A. H. Robinson was appointed special first aid officer.

Membership in the welfare association is voluntary and it speaks volumes for the broad-minded, business-like manner in which it is carried on that practically one hundred per cent. of employees are enrolled.

APOLOGY

We wish to apologize for the manner in which we disgraced the beautiful wedding last week. Through an error of the typesetter we were made to say "the roses were punk." What we should have said was, "the noses were pink."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

Retail Takes Curling Cup from Wholesale

THE H.B.C. curling season at Winnipeg finished in fine style with a bonspiel between the wholesale, retail and land departments for possession of that much-coveted cup.

The cup rested with the retail from the winter of 1915-6 until the year 1919, when the wholesale, after a royal battle, beat the retail on points and games to bring home the trophy.

This year four rinks from the various departments played. The retail store proved to be the strongest curlers and lifted the cup. Scores for the series were:

Retail	*40*	*Retail*	*65*	*Land*	*40*
Wholesale	*46*	*Land*	*32*	*Wholesale*	*38*

Total points—Retail, 105; Wholesale, 84; Land, 72.

H.B.C. wholesale curling association has laid away brooms till next season, after the most interesting and exciting season's play on record. Messrs. Nairn and Edmonds kept to the front all season until near the finish, when the unexpected occurred. Three rinks finished tied for third place, but the warm weather not permitting of any further curling, the skips drew for positions, with the result herewith shown, which is final standing for the year 1921-1922. Note the standing of the various rinks:

Skip	Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Poitras	13	10	3	770
Nairn	13	9	4	693
Veysey	13	8	5	615
Ritchie	13	8	5	615
McMicken	13	8	5	615
Edmonds	13	7	6	540
Phelan	13	7	6	540
Thompson	13	7	6	540
Ross	13	5	8	385
Seaborn	13	5	8	385
Swan	13	5	8	385
Brock	13	4	9	308
Kinsman	13	4	9	308
Snider	13	4	9	308

LADIES' COMPETITION

Miss M. Thomas is wearing a smile these days that is hard to beat. She has captured her first prize for curling. Misses Woodrow and E. Smeaton were tied for second place. A drawing gave the final result as shown below:

Skip	Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Miss Thomas	6	4	2	665
Miss Woodrow	6	3	3	500
Miss E. Smeaton	6	3	3	500
Miss Hatfield	6	2	4	333

The wholesale were well represented at the Cornish baths competitions in an endeavor to capture the warehouse shield. This is an event open to any line of business or any establishment, providing the contestants are *bona fide* employees.

The team comprises four men, each of whom swims 50 yards. This year was our first attempt and thanks is due Messrs. Alex. Thompson, Herbert Garner and V. M. MacDonald (candy factory) for their good showing, although handicapped by their fourth member, O. Redpath, not showing up at the last minute.

Fred May visited Portage la Prairie last month. "What a dry spot it is," he remarked on his return.

A number of the staff have been on the sick list, suffering from an attack of the "flu."

General Manager C. W. Vesey made a trip to Toronto on business last month. He reports trade conditions better down East than here.

The wholesale staff deeply sympathize with Mr. A. Brock, credit manager, in his recent bereavement through the death of his brother, which occurred very suddenly on March 9th at his home in Iowa.

The offices recently constructed in the wholesale building are now occupied by the H.B.C. stores administration.

The office girls held a "Dutch Party" at the Capitol theatre on March 17th, after which they all partook of a hearty feast at the Commodore in honor of St. Patrick.

HOW'S BUSINESS?

By W. A. Edmonds

How's business?
Everywhere I hear
This doleful anxious query drear
Addressed to me in tones of fear—
How's business?

How's business?
Isn't it a fright
To hear that question day and night
From people otherwise all right—
How's business?

Why business
Needs a little grit—
And more attention minding it
To work our heads off getting it—
That's business.

EDMONTON

H.B.C. Spring Fashions Draw Big Crowd

HERALDED by two charming pages, Miss Doris Nelson and Miss Edna Alumbaugh, the Spring Opening was duly ushered in by a fashion parade of living models on March 20th.

An elaborate setting was arranged for the mannequins in the form of a miniature stage done in rich purple plush with handsome festooned vallance.

The stage was entered through *portieres* of rich cream silk on which, by means of flashlights, vari-colored lights were thrown, giving each model, as she entered, a most pleasing and novel effect. From the stage the models then proceeded on to a runway extending down the aisle.

The setting was designed by C. Digney, display manager.

The models, selected from the salesladies of the store, were Misses Vinnie Cox, Etheleen McEwen, Viola Johnson, Lola Hepburn, Hattie Stephens, Edith Scott and Mrs. Morley. The stage direction and the describing of the various garments were in the hands of Jack Prest, advertising manager.

A fashion parade was also given at the Metropolitan theatre March 21st and 22nd in the evening, where capacity houses witnessed the show each night. So great were the crowds who could not obtain admission for these two nights that an extra performance was requested from the theatre, which was granted.

ESKIMO LOVE

"Univgtuinalfinajuanjuarisiguejak" is Eskimo for "I love you." The evenings in the Arctic are long, but even at that there must be a temptation to say it with flowers.

THE ICE CREAM FISH

They have a remarkable fish in Nova Scotia. It is known as the frost fish, because it can be frozen solid; but if placed in water it soon thaws out and swims around as vigorously as ever. The natives, we are told, use this fish in making ice-cream. The fish is caught, frozen, and placed in the cream. In thawing out it freezes the cream, and its movements at the same time beat the mixture, making it nice and smooth. It is a fresh-water fish, but the story requires a lot of salt.

H.B.C. Canoes for the North

THE coming of spring and the opening of navigation to the far north is heralded by the activity noticeable in the shipbuilding yards of the Alberta Motor Boat Works at the low level bridge. The yard is cumbered with stacks of canoes, packed in straw and swathed in cloth wrappings. Twenty-three of these vessels in sizes from 14 to 20 feet are being shipped out to the order of the Hudson's Bay Company and are destined for the northern posts of the Great Company. Some are going to Fort Nelson on the upper waters of the turbulent river of the same name; others are *en route* to Fort Good Hope on the lower Mackenzie, and yet more are going to Resolution on the Great Slave lake. These boats are all of the staunch northern model.

H.B.CO's
SPRING
FASHION
PARADE
1922
H.B.CO's
SPRING
FASHION
PARADE
1922

As a Last Resort

They were married, and she was a decided loser in the bargain.

"Well," he said one morning after a squabble, "you needn't be finding fault with me all the time. You took me for better or for worse, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't" she replied savagely; "I took you because there wasn't anybody else to take."

Patriotic

Irishman—Three cheers for home rule.

Scotchman—Three cheers for hell.

Irishman—You are right; ivery one should stick up for his own country.

CICERO ON OLD AGE

TO THOSE who have no resource in themselves for living well, every age is burdensome.

Great actions are not achieved by exertions of strength, or speed, or by quick movement of bodies, but by talent and mature judgment.

We must fight against disease. Regard must be paid to health. Moderate exercise must be adopted. So much of meat and drink must be taken. Senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, but not to all.

For, as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young.

One who always lives in these pursuits and labors for the welfare of the state does not perceive when old age steals upon him. Thus, gradually and unconsciously, life declines into old age, nor is the thread suddenly broken.

If old men are peevish and fretful and passionate and unmanageable, or even covetous, these are the faults of their character and environment, not of their old age.

Cicero was a Roman orator and writer who lived 143-06 B.C. A profound wisdom characterized his utterances and many of them have stood the test of centuries.

H. B. C. Plays for Alberta Hockey Championship

H.B.C. won the Northern Alberta championship and a fine silver cup by playing whirlwind hockey and defeating the South Side team in the last two games of the play-off series.

The first of home-and-home games with the Calgary Fourex team was played in Edmonton February 22nd, and evidently the strenuous games played by the *Beavers* the past three weeks had their effect, as they never hit their true stride, and allowed the Fourex team to return to Calgary with the score tied at four-all.

On Friday, the 24th, the return game was played in Calgary. The full team went down, accompanied by Bill Fleming and Percy Plowman to cheer the boys along and show the Calgary fans something new in rooting.

The boys put up a fine brand of hockey. They played a heady defensive game, attacking in brilliant two and three-man combination that was pretty to watch. Dick Howey, our seventeen-year-old net custodian, was the bright and shining light of the game. Playing his first game away from home, and a championship game at that, he put up a game that would make a professional envious, and the large crowd present gave him a big hand for the way he kept his goal cleared. Stephen and Ferris worked nicely on defense and their rushes were always dangerous. Jim Howey (captain), Baker and Coleman make a forward line hard to beat, playing a nice combination game and back-checking all the way, while Garry Ferris, relieving, was travelling like a flash and doing very effective work both on the defense and attack.

The whole Fourex team played a hard steady game, at times displaying brilliant combination and checking in finished style, Gibson on the forward line showing up particularly well with his clever stick handling and consistent back-checking; in fact the team were so evenly matched on the night's play that the team that got the breaks was bound to win, and we are sorry to say we did not get the breaks.

The final score at the end of three periods of brilliant hockey stood tied at three-all. The first overtime period each team added another, making it four-all. With about three minutes to go in the second overtime period, from a scramble in front of goal the Fourex scored what proved to be the winning goal, as the *Beavers* were unable to again tie it up, and so ended a very successful season of hockey for the *Beavers,* a team that has been a credit to the game and the Hudson's Bay Company.

The one regrettable accident in the final game was when Stan Stephen, going down in a rush, fell and broke one of his ribs. This however could not keep him off the ice, as they say you have got to kill him to keep him from playing.

Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the successful efforts of Mr.

Sparling and staff of the Calgary store in entertaining the *Beavers* while in Calgary. The boys enjoyed a fine luncheon served in the Hudson's Bay dining room, after which Mr. Sparling made a few appropriate remarks on the relationship of true sport with business. We were then conducted through the entire store, and were much impressed with the general appearance from the engine room to the top floor.

Things We Would Like To Know!

Who was the young lady with winning smile in the Calgary store shoe department? Does she smile as nicely when she sees a big bunion coming to be fitted?

Mr. Hunter, the striking demonstrator at the Calgary store, is a great striker. We wonder if he could knock a pimple from a wart and leave the wart behind.

Who was the fellow who thought the tube money system in the Calgary store was a pipe organ?

Was the man who filled his cigarette case with free cigarettes at the banquet table a Scotchman?

Who was the fair lady in the music department who started to play "*All by Myself I am Lonely*." Was she nervous? Because she changed the tune to "I Want My Mammy."

Why the advertising department is looked upon as an encyclopedia for Canadian history and kindred subjects?

Why a certain driver spends most of his lunch hour in riding up and down on No. 1 elevator?

Why a certain member of the clothing department always wears his hat at an angle of forty-five degrees?

Social Topics

Messrs. Lockey and Roberts have returned from the eastern markets, buying for their respective departments—staples and dress goods sections. Both report that business is looking decidedly brighter and that prospects are good for a successful season's business.

Miss Doherty and Miss McDonald, department managers of the hosiery and millinery sections respectively, have also returned from eastern points after several weeks of buying for the spring and summer season.

Other department managers returned from extensive buying trips are Messrs. Pallet, Chasey, Harvey, Walker and Briggs.

We were pleased to see Mr. Secord back in the store after a few days of sickness, which looked at one time as if it would be a case of the "flu".

There is an old adage to the effect that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Anyway we know of another "rolling stone" that gathered a beautiful black eye recently.

New Sports Goods Dept.

ANOTHER new department has been added which will undoubtedly prove a big success. The department is situated on the third floor, opposite the elevator, and customers going up or down can obtain a good view of the displays. At present the department is featuring principally golf clubs, tennis racquets and other supplies of a like nature, but before long it is hoped many other lines, such as fishing tackle, guns and other sporting supplies will be stocked.

SOME BILL

The following is a bill presented by a painter who had been employed to touch up some decorations in an old church:

Correcting the Ten Commandments	$ 6.25
Varnishing Pontius Pilate and putting in front teeth	1.80
Putting new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his coat	4.05
Touching up and regilding guardian angel	3.60
Washing servant of high priest and putting carmine on his cheeks	1.40
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning the moon	9.00
Touching up Purgatory and renewing lost souls	4.20
Taking spots off son of Tobias	.90
Putting rings in Sarah's ears	1.35
Brightening up flames of hell, putting new left horn on the devil and cleaning tail	14.00
Two hours doing different jobs for the Damned	3.00
Putting new sandals on Abraham and restoring lost tails and horns to his flocks	6.40
Cleaning Balaam's Ass and putting new shoes on him	2.10
Painting new Jonah, new ropes on the vessel and enlarging the whale's mouth	2.65
Putting new leaves on Adam and Eve	.32

Miss Etheleen McEwen has been transferred from the silks section to the millinery department and is making good at her new post.

Harvey and Chasey Import Moustache Craze

NOT to be outdone by Fashion's whims in New York, Messrs. Harvey and Chasey returned after an extensive buying trip sporting upper lips somewhat in need of a shave.

Evidently these gentlemen were under the impression that they were cultivating moustaches in conformity with Fashion's dictates. So much for the attempt. Although but a few days have elapsed since these harbingers of the new *moustachario* reached Edmonton, it has been noticed that several of the staff who have reached the age of maturity have spent valuable (store) time in front of looking glasses, carefully studying downy growths on upper lips.

The girls are viewing with alarm the growing prevalence of these misplaced eyebrows, and it is rumored that swift and drastic steps are to be taken to deliver the fad a knockout blow by positively refusing to have dealings in any shape or form with any man who attempts to follow this New York caprice.

CALGARY

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE

A famous philosopher has said that nothing is impossible, but did you ever try:

To carry a mattress upstairs?

To find out what a woman is thinking about?

To write with a postoffice pen?

To make a batch of home-brew taste like the old stuff?

To sleep in a hammock?

To save 5 per cent of your salary?

To laugh your wife out of wearing an extreme style of garment?

To get a soup bone from your butcher for nothing?

To get a seat in a street car and keep it away from a standing lady?

To stay away from a party your wife wants to go to?

To play a slide trombone in a telephone booth?

To reduce?

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at Joe Mulholland's bedside, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked Joe faintly.

"Ninety-five dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied Joe. "I have a better bid from the undertaker."

"Do you think I shall live until I'm ninety, doctor?" asked Andy Vair.

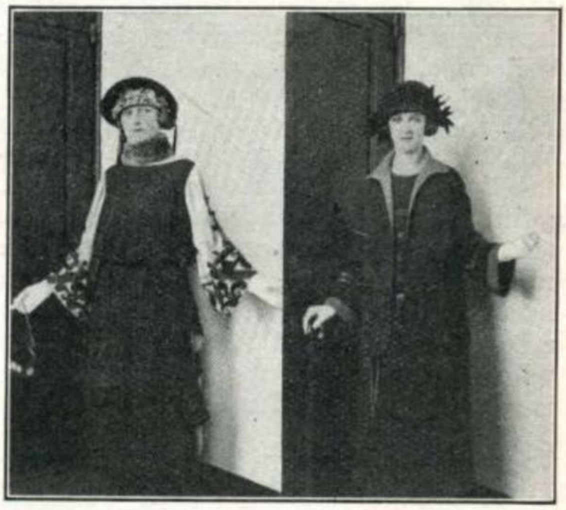
"How old are you now?"

"Fifty."

"Do you drink, gamble, smoke, or have you any vices of any kind?"

"No. I don't drink, I never gamble, I loathe smoking; in fact, I haven't any vices."

"Well, good heavens, what do you want to live another forty years for?"



Two of the Fashion Models

Great preparations were made for the Spring fashion show on the second floor, to a certain extent under difficulties, owing to the ravages of the "flu."

The millinery, underwear and children's wear departments have been pretty heavily hit, but the others have escaped so far, probably owing to "tougher" constitutions of the clerks in these Departments. It certainly was good to see Mr. Keith working with his coat off getting things in readiness for the opening. He said it reminded him of old times.

We intended asking Mrs. Clarke for a contribution for this issue of *The Beaver*, but courage has its limits!

The new millinery section on the mezzanine floor has been a great success. It seems that a certain class of our customers can be reached there who seldom or never visit the second floor.

We wonder how much it costs "Charlie" for his luncheon on Wednesdays. We are afraid there's not much money left in his pay envelope by the time he is through.

T. E. Maddock, who for the past three and a half years has been with the store as assistant buyer of the men's furnishings department, has been recently appointed buyer for the men's clothing and furnishings departments in H.B.C. Nelson store. As a small token of the esteem in which Mr. Maddock was held, his friends in the store presented him with a purse of gold.

Our sick list for this month is exceedingly large, owing to the recent epidemic of colds. The welfare association is having a busy time making the necessary calls.

Spring is here and with it the new knickerbocker golf suits, which are certainly very smart. A gentleman stood admiring the mannequins dressed in the knockerbocker and sports suits. He remarked about the smartness of the knickerbocker suits, but after due consideration said, "Of course, for my wife I prefer the sports suit." Now isn't that just like a man?

We hear the flowers bloom in the millinery department of the Victoria branch, but there were first class "bloomers" in the rotunda of the Windsor hotel, Montreal. Pink was favored.

A very pretty wedding took place last month when Miss Jean Simpson was married to Mr. L. M. Phelps. Miss Simpson has been in the leather goods department for the past six years. On leaving the store she was presented with a beautiful silver tea service.

Miss Sadie Centre entertained at a delightful miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss J. Simpson.

John Shapter of the invoice office has recently been promoted to the merchandise manager's office as assistant to Mr. Smith.

A Challenge

IF THERE is any other branch of the Company which thinks it can stage a better spring style show than Calgary—well, we want to know it.

After seeing the young ladies parade in the Elizabethan dining room and the cafeteria the afternoons of March 16th and 17th and the Capitol theatre the evenings of March 16th, 17th and 18th, we are convinced that we are *good.* In fact we freely admit it!

Now, as mentioned above, if any benighted branch of the Hudson's Bay Company is anxious for a trial of strength in this little matter, we will be pleased to accommodate it in any respect, whether it be ground or lofty, plain or fancy, or merely ordinary modelling.

We speak, of course, on behalf of the parties most concerned, who are all *bona fide* members of the staff. For further information re terms of contest, prizes, etc., address Mrs. Clarke, of the ready-to-wear department (commander-in-chief), or Mr. Ross, of the millinery department (official headsman).

Officers Elected for H.B.A.A.

THE CALGARY Hudson's Bay amateur athletic association has now been merged into the Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association, consisting of welfare, athletic and social divisions, effective March 1st, 1922.

The first meeting of the board of directors was held March 9th, and the following officers and committees were elected:

Directorate and Officials

Honorary President	Fletcher Sparling
President	J. S. Smith
First Vice-President	L. A. McKellar
Second Vice-President	J. B. Neal.
Third Vice-President	W. G. Cunningham
Secretary	L. W. Sadler
Treasurer	R. W. Mason

Finance Committee

The above officers and A. D. Vair

Board of Directors

Two-year term	*One-year term*
R. W. Mason	*Lou Doll*
W. G. Cunningham	*G. H. Benson*
J. S. Smith	*J. A. Walsh*
L. A. McKellar	Miss Jean McKay
J. B. Neal	Miss M. Patton
A. D. Vair	G. Salter
H. Jeffries	Miss A. B. Miller

Relief Committee

Geo. Salter W. G. Cunningham R. W. Mason

Sick and Visiting Committee
for March and April

Miss Agnes Simpson Miss Annie B. Miller
Miss M. Patton Mr. Geo. Russell
Mr. E. B. Oakley

Thistle Curling Trophy

EMPLOYEES of the store have had a wonderful season at curling. The store league of twelve rinks under the direction of Ralph Mason has been a real treat from the start. The Wednesday afternoons spent at the roarin' game were not nearly enough for a good many of the store enthusiasts, so, as a result of this, many of the boys got mixed up in the Victoria club games.

"Pat" Spalding, who captured premier honors in the store curling competition last year, assembled a rink of Calgary Hudson's Bay curlers and from the start they have been victorious.

The personnel of Pat's rink is as follows: *W. P. Spalding, skip; J. Hyatt, third; John Shapter, second; Joe Campbell, lead.*

The rink that the boys of the store are proud of has played twenty-five games to date and have won no less than twenty-one of the total games played. The boys were drawn in four competitions. They went right through for one and were successful in winning the *Thistle Trophy*, which is quite an honor in this town. In the other three events they lost each of the three games that put them out of the running by the narrow margin of one point.

KAMLOOPS
Store News

THE second monthly social event of the staff and friends was held in the Odd Fellows hall on March 1st, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in playing whist, singing and dancing until midnight.

The prize winners in the whist were: *Ladies—First, Miss Heatherington; Booby, Mrs. Rickets. Men—First, Mr. Gee; Booby, Mr. Milne.*

Window displays which have caused no little amount of talk in Kamloops were recently put in by Mr. Booth, Mr. Madill, Miss Hartnett and Mr. Milne. They were uniform in color and theme, forming a St. Patrick's Day exhibit. A large harp, shamrocks, Irish flags and other appropriate decorations formed settings for the four displays— men's furnishings, shoes, ready-to-wear and linens. The local hospital was featuring a linen shower on St. Patrick's Day and good advantage was taken of the H.B.C. special offerings of linens.

Kamloops staff last month formed a welfare association with a social and athletic club. The officers elected for the coming year were as follows:

Hon. President	*Mr. J. S. Braidwood*
Hon. President	*Mr. J. M. Gibson*
Hon. Vice-President	*Mr. J. E. Andrews*
Hon. Vice-President	*Mr. A. E. Dodman*
President	*Mr. J. Munn*
Vice-President	*Mr. F. O. Ricketts*
Secretary-Treasurer	*Miss F. A. Hewson*
Social Committee	*Miss A. Sargent*
Welfare Committee	*Miss H. A. Hartnett*
Outings and Sports	*Mr. H. Strevens*

NOT HIS JOB

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way,
That he could have handled without delay,
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see.
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."
And the boss that gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

And time went on and he kept his place
But he never altered his easy pace,
And he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;
So you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

Can't somebody put a tracer on those auditors with whom we have been threatened for the last two months? The office staff is becoming quite worn out from trying to do things as they ought to be done.

Extract from the Vancouver "Daily World," March 1st, 1922.—A charming wedding, and one of interest to many friends in Vancouver, occurred in Victoria on Tuesday evening, February 21, when Miss Cynthia Maria Robinson was united in marriage to Mr. John Ernest Andrews of Kamloops. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Green, 324 Moss Street, by the Rev. Samuel Cook, only immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. George W. Robinson, was very winsome in a lovely gown of mauve broadcloth. She carried a bouquet of ophelia roses. Both bride and groom were unattended. Mrs. Andrews has many warm friends in Vancouver, having been in training in the Vancouver general hospital for almost two years previous to marriage. She is a niece of Mr. T. H. Robinson, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will make their home in Kamloops, where Mr. Andrews is manager of the Hudson's Bay Company store.

VERNON
Store News

This is an off season for our sports enthusiasts, but wait till the weather improves and the grounds dry up. There is a rumour that our lawn-bowling champions are going in for something more active this season. We're growing younger all the time.

In the Spring, "a young man's fancy . ." What's the matter with Beatty?

Manager Barnett and family are now settled in the Company's house on Mara avenue. It is said that everything is in order and stocks complete except in the cellar.

There is apparently going to be some keen competition amongst our amateur gardeners this Spring. Mr. Masters believes in preparedness and has already laid in a few carloads of Carter's seeds.

The Spring Opening display proved an unqualified success and great credit is due to Miss Strange, Mr. Lanceley and all helpers for the attractive and artistic decorative scheme carried out in the departments and windows. Special mention should be made of the live model display, which was exceptionally well received and favourably commented upon by the large attendance present. Manager Barnett's "stunt" of serving samples of H.B.C. made confectionery during the proceedings "went down" splendidly, and incidentally gave another boost for the Winnipeg factory. Miss Bessie dispensed these delicacies in a graceful and dainty manner and her assistance was much appreciated.

We are anticipating some hair-raising anecdotes of adventure from Mr. Watson upon his return from the trip to the wilds.

Will some of our younger members kindly make some contributions and suggestions for *The Beaver*? It would be good training for them and there's no need to be shy or nervous; we are all pretty tough and not easy to kill.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

We are expecting so much rain on the prairie this year that the Hudson's Bay have installed a Naval Department. Left to right: 1st mate, J. E. Thompson; ensign, A. Walton; skip, P. K. Sangster.

W. C. Thomson of the house furnishings department was paid quite a compliment one day when a gentleman from Medicine Hat went up to him and asked if he was Mr. Thompson (J. E.) from Medicine Hat.

The housing scheme in Lethbridge would be very much appreciated these times. For reference, ask Mr. Ogden.

Mr. Ogden's comment on this is that housing schemes like some houses are not much good to live in.

Mr. Upton, in buying cheese the other day, bought in very small quantities. You have one guess as to the brand.

Mr. Scott, who was the "Great Curler of the Great West," since the ice is gone is finding it very hard to keep his weight down to 225 pounds.

Miss Wilson and Mrs. Mars were on a trip to Calgary last month. Guess who was the chaperon.

If you think you have more h-air than P. K. Sangster, ask him to show you his h-air brush work.

VANCOUVER

H.B.E.A. Dance

MUCH has been written about the H.B.E.A. dances, but it has always been impossible to pen a description to do them justice.

On February 28th, what was conceded to be the best dance the association has pulled off was held. It was given in the Navy League hall (which has gained so much cudos of late because of its fine floor), with Billie Garden's orchestra in attendance. It started at 9 p.m., and from that hour until 1 a.m. there wasn't a quiet or dull minute. Many guests were present including Mrs. and Mr. H. T. Lockyer, our president. Although the dance was informal, the pretty dresses worn by the ladies were the subject of much comment and a more pleasing picture than the 325 people present conveyed when a dance was in full swing would have been hard to find anywhere.

The committee in charge included: *Messrs. F. Bishop, R. Mair, R. Hood, W. R. Boyle, D. Dale, L. Frayer, H. R. P. Gant (chairman), Misses E. L. Morley, L. Andrew, E. G. McFarlane, D. Ridley, H. Turner and R. Bryant.*

From the programme laid out for the next sixty days, it would appear there is going to be "lots of action" in the social section, the proposed events being a whist drive, an informal dance towards the end of March, and the winding up of the winter dancing season with a masquerade ball in April.

PROFUSE MULTIPLICATION

Inspired by the arresting cable to the effect that a single—or, rather, one—fly produces 3,985,969,387,755,103 descendants, the assistant managing editor of the *N.Y. Tribune,* who has his serious side, sings the following:

ODE TO A FLY

O little fly, ere long you'll be
At least 3,985,969,387,755,103.

PUFFICKLY INNOCENT

Judge—Now tell me what you were doing in Colonel Pilkin's chicken roost at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Uncle Mose—Jedge, 'scuse me, sah. Ah was jes' takin' de census.

Mr. Lockyer's Monthly Message

APATHY — That dread disease which has proven the death of many a business is abroad in many of our departments.

APATHY, "incapable of being aroused to active interest" is the true definition of the word.

Every member of the staff should recognize the fact that every person entering the H.B.C. store is a potential customer, and should be treated as such. Show them that they are welcome in the store, and that we value their patronage. If we do not have the exact thing they ask for, at least show the nearest you have. People are open to suggestions, and appreciate your interest in their behalf.

Apathetic attention to customers does more to drive business away than any other weakness that may exist in the store. One can excuse ignorance or mistakes through lack of business training but *apathy* cannot be excused under any circumstances whatever.

Apathy can be cured but cannot be endured in a business such as this.

BE ALERT, WILLING, CONFIDENT, and prove to the people of Vancouver that we are eager to *serve them well.*

Mr. Skelly Looks Over 26 U.S. Stores

By F. S. GARNER

AFTER a three weeks' trip to the South, during which time he called on twenty-six stores in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, Mr. C. Skelly, superintendent, has returned. He brought with him many new ideas and suggestions, some of which he has already intimated could be adopted to good advantage by this store.

In giving a brief account of his trip at the monthly buyers' meeting, he dwelt extensively on the curtailment policy adopted by the stores to the south—curtailment of unnecessary interior and window decorations, curtailment in delivery expenses, reduction of staffs, displacing of wrapping clerks. Everything is being done, he says, to reduce expenses to meet the condition of smaller prices.

A healthy community spirit was apparent everywhere, said Mr. Skelly, and in almost every branch of the store executive. Merchandise men of adjacent stores met together at a round table and talked over merchandising problems, as did also superintendents, buyers and delivery chiefs.

The bargain booths in use in many stores were mentioned by Mr. Skelly. As an illustration he pointed out that in one store in a city less than twice the size of Vancouver $1000.00 was taken in one day at a table six feet long with but two girls selling.

The wonderful children's sections was another theme commented on. Mr. Skelly said that to the south the merchants realized the children of today will be the grown-ups of tomorrow, and the habit of trading at an individual store was encouraged to the utmost so that it might become second nature.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Skelly covered so many miles and visited so many stores in such a short time, the change of air, always so good to one, was immediately apparent in his facial expressions.

Mr. Taylor, second floor manager, took Mr. Skelly's duties during his absence and acquitted himself most satisfactorily.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

By F. S. GARNER

DOING WHAT?

Talking dull times
Looking blue

CUT IT OUT

Smile!
Work!
Talk prosperity!
Boost the store!
Boost for business!
Talk about our low prices
Our quality merchandise—

EVERYBODY DO IT

Tell your friends
All of them
Buyers are back
From the markets
They've bought
The latest styles
The best values
Buy for yourself and
Tell your friends to buy
All of them
And business will be
So good
We'll have
No time
To be glum
No time
To look blue
Let's get together
Everybody PUSH

Times are more or less what we make them ourselves—let's make them good.

Whist Drive

THE subject of these remarks is the H.B.E.A. whist drive which took place on March 16th. It was one of those occasions which we are glad to settle down in memory as "good times." There were about seventy-five members present and fourteen hands were played.

The prizes presented by Mrs. D. Dale were won by:

Ladies' First	*Mrs. D. Rudston*
Ladies' Second	*Miss A. Bordman*
Consolation	*Miss V. Gordon*
Men's First	*Mr. M. Clifford*
Men's Second	*Mr. E. Powell*
Consolation	*Mr. N. Watt*

Refreshments were served by the members of the social committee and the singing of the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

Efficiency Stunts

from the Vancouver Display Department

By EDWIN BELL

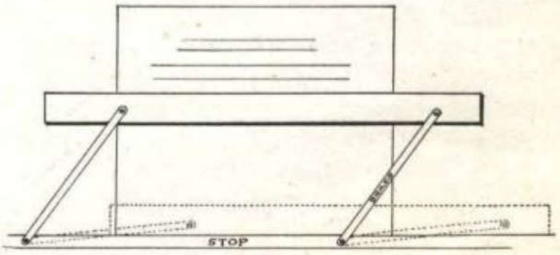
II—Show Card Ruler

THE real value of this device lies in the rapidity with which parallel lines can be executed.

The T-square will be discarded and the ordinary ruler will seldom be used.

Have a good desk with a substantial stop at the lower top edge, a good ruler $30x2\frac{1}{2}x\frac{1}{4}$ and two pieces of brass about 8 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide with holes in each end to receive a small round headed screw. Place the ruler upon the desk letting it rest parallel and next to the stop. Attach brass strips as shown in cut, using the utmost care to have them placed precisely the same in each case as the slightest variation will spoil your ruler.

To the busy card writer this stunt will prove invaluable.



VICTORIA

Hockey Champions

VICTORIA H.B.C. hockey team are champions of the commercial hockey league and the McConnell challenge cup remains in their possession for one year.

Mr. Stanhope, the team manager, has the cup displayed in his department on a pedestal and all nicely decorated with the Company's colors. Any store can pick a hockey team, but to go out and win the championship is something that needs a little more than sweaters and pucks.

The Victoria boys indeed are to be doubly praised when one considers they started in and played their first game within a week. All their practising had to be done at midnight, as artificial ice is costly and hard to get.

Our *Hudsonians* finished the series with the original team while other contenders for the cup were picked teams from various business houses and social organizations of the city.

It was indeed a series of strenuous and hard fought contests right from start to finish. Our goal-keeper, F. Richardson, holds the best record of the league, and in all games only allowed two goals to pass. Mr. Mann created such a sensation in the forward line that he is looked upon as the best and most aggressive player of the league, and his efforts were a great factor in the team's victory.

NOTICE!

Victorians would like to ask Edmontonians, "Why a store championship hockey cup?" We would kindly suggest that instead of buying a cup themselves for their pedestal they get in some Edmonton hockey league and win one. It looks better and these are tight times.

Successful Dance

A MOST enjoyable dance was held under the auspices of the Employees' association, March 23rd, in the Hudson's Bay *Victorian* restaurant, kindly loaned by the management for the occasion.

Over five hundred members and friends were present. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued until twelve. A splendid programme of music was provided by Beattie's orchestra and, for those who did not care to dance, card tables were provided in the private dining room adjoining the restaurant.

An excellent buffet supper was served and many thanks are due to the social committee for the admirable way in which the arrangements were carried out.

During an interval in the evening's entertainment the Hudson's Bay hockey team, winners of the Victoria commercial hockey league championship, were presented with the challenge cup by Mr. G. Lovatt, president of the league.

Spring Fashion Show

VICTORIA'S stores were *en fete* March 13th and 14th, in celebration of the opening of Spring.

In the H.B.C. store a most successful fashion exhibit was staged, in which several living models presented the newest styles in wearing apparel for Spring and Summer. On a long platform standing four feet from the ground, the models paraded to the accompaniment of a three-piece orchestra.

The success of the show was due no doubt to the fact that all arrangements were managed and carried out by members of our own staff, the *mannequins* having been selected from various departments of the store.

In this, Victoria's first Spring fashion show, Hudson's Bay store led the way just as it has done in all other matters pertaining to modern merchandising methods.

Indoor Basket Picnic

The Y.M.C.A. building was the scene of a novel gathering on Wednesday, March 22nd, when the members of the Hudson's Bay store staff held an indoor basket picnic.

It was a rollicking good time from beginning to end, and those who failed to attend missed the time of their lives. Swimming, foot races, basketball matches, group games and other amusements were some of the things responsible for the enjoyment of the evening, while the community singing was thoroughly and enthusiastically enjoyed by every one.

Presentation

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were the recipients, on Wednesday, March 15th, of a handsome cabinet of community silver, subscribed by the numerous Victoria friends of the newly married couple.

Mr. H. Pout, in making the presentation, expressed on behalf of all those present the pleasure it was to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hunter back to Victoria and wished them an overflowing measure of happiness and prosperity.

Misunderstandings

"I want a set of furs for a lady," said a tall, strong man who strode hurriedly into the fur department. "What kind," asked the male assistant. "That brown set in the window will do, if it's not too dear," replied the tall, strong man. "Oh, you mean skunk?" said the assistant. The tall, strong man misunderstood, and it's only lately that the poor assistant came out of hospital. He still wonders why and what happened to him.

He was gruff in manner but kind of heart, and it was his kind heart which prompted him to comply with the request of his convalescent wife to buy her some intimate garment which she deemed necessary for her public reappearance.

"What bust?" asked the fascinating shop assistant, discreetly turning to hide a smile. "Can't say. I didn't hear anything?" he blurted nervously.

Scientific Salesmanship Carried a Little Too Far

In the hardware department of a certain store (not the Victoria store) a worried looking young man asked for a quarter's worth of carbolic acid. The *scientific salesman* smiled and shook his head regretfully, "This is the hardware department, not the drug department; but is there anything we can show you in the razor, revolver or hemp rope line?"

Efficiency

By SHEM

Efficiency: "The cause, the truth, the laws of power of producing the effect intended."

IV. DISCIPLINE

NO LESS a personage than our honoured governor, Sir Robert Molesworth Kindersley, G. B. E., in his introduction to Sir William Schooling's book commemorating the Company's 250th anniversary, said, "The committee today recognise that they are the custodians of a great inheritance, which it is their duty to hand on, enhanced and not impaired, to future generations.

The highest prosperity of the Company is and must continue to be bound up with the welfare of Canada, and it is no exaggeration to say that the future of the Company depends upon the efficiency of the service it renders to the country it has helped to make." A great inheritance in custody! Now, how does a custodian get his job? It is always his reputation which secures his position and his character is what gives him his reputation. It is character which the discipline we want to examine is, more than those rules which the management from time to time has made for various purposes and which purposes they serve in a manner more or less successfully only so far as they are efficient. And, if we would include discipline in the "tributaries" to the laws of efficiency, it is the ethical discipline we mean. It has to do with the protection of ideals, with the control of the force of habit, with the exercise of common sense, and in turn must be also influenced by ideals, made permanent by force of habit, and directed by exercise of common sense.

If one would seek an historical instance of a man who disciplined himself to the service of an ideal, perhaps

St. Francis of Assisi would be the most prominent example, or possibly his great copyist, Dominic, both heroes of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. As to whether they allowed adequate play for the exercise of common sense in the rules they imposed upon themselves and on the fellows of the orders they respectively founded is a question on which any two of us may disagree; the fact however remains, they very successfuly attained the effect they intended and for centuries Europe almost *en bloc* was influenced substantially by their mode of thought and teaching. If further we remember that, compared with other giants of these times, their intellectual gifts and their scholarly achievements were much of a muchness with their contemporaries, we conclude that it was their ideals and their discipline of self which perfected their power of producing the effect intended. The ideal then as now was the cause—the source of impelling influence— and the discipline to which an organization is subjected produces what is the greatest regulation of conduct, the spirit of the organization. It marshals elements as diverse as cavalry and artillery, infantry and aviators, sappers and balloon corps, and each filled with a common purpose and loyal to a common cause. From a practical point of view such discipline fits the element for inclusion in a common cause. It is not exclusive. It fits each individual for his place in whole. Just as it would be impossible to solder without a flux so would it be difficult to realize an ideal without discipline. The discipline, then, of the spirit of the organization includes, not excludes, more than that: it fits for inclusion. Begin in yourself. Have you a habit which would be better away? Drill yourself until you are free of it. Discipline until your will, your mind, and your body, are at your command. Discipline such as this would be a powerful factor in the strengthening of such a structure as the Hudson's Bay Company and in the development of such characters as have their honourable place in its history, in its present and who will in the future share in the achievement of our governor's ideal.

(To be Continued)

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER VIII.

Alec MacDonald gets a Scare.

"I HAVE got myself into a nice mess."

Alec MacDonald spoke in a fury of rage and passion, with his hat pulled low upon his forehead, with knit brows and clenched teeth and, crumpling a letter in his hand, he paced up and down the empty store.

He had certainly managed to get himself into difficulties. It has been profoundly remarked that when a man plunges into the abyss of dissipation it is very difficult to check himself. And there is probably a good deal in this. At all events our young friend, although we left him with good resolutions upon his lips, had gone on misconducting himself. The moments when the promptings of his better self were felt by him were rare, yet such moments did come, and had he chosen he might with his father's influence and assistance, coupled with his own industry and perseverance, have carved out a position of some importance in life. Instead of this, he imagined he had gone too far on the road to turn back and retrace his steps, and so plunged still deeper in the mire. He had spent most of his evenings at Miner's cabin, and, while there had been no more drinking, there had been a good deal more poker, and Alec had lost a good deal more money. Of course a "good deal" more money is a relative term; in this instance it is from the view-point of young MacDonald.

Unfortunate the man who thinks he has discovered the doctrine of chances. Games of chance are always dangerous. The result is not in the hands of man. One who has considerable capital may confidently hazard part of it in this wise. He can, if he loses, hope that on another occasion he may succeed and thus recover that which he lost; but he who stakes his all at one venture plays a dangerous game—loss destroys all his prospects at a blow. Nevertheless, the chief factor's son had gambled and continued to gamble long after his own money had been transferred to the pockets of his opponents, which certainly increased the situation in perplexity.

The idea could hardly be realized. He, Alec MacDonald, who had never owed a cent, had a mighty load of debt hanging like a rock of granite above his head. He owed Miner several hundred

dollars and was without a cent to pay him! Of course he had been fleeced. But the stupid young fellow had not the least suspicion of that; it never seemed to strike him as being strange that whenever he played he invariably rose from the table a loser. He did not suspect Miner of dishonest tricks between friends, although he knew him for an unscrupulous person and was, in fact, warned against him.

"They did us up brown," the half-breed told him when they met shortly after the evening which ended so disastrously for Alec, "and if ye pay Miner a single cent you're a gol-darned fool."

"And why should I not pay him?" Alec asked in astonishment.

"Why should ye not! aint I just told ye? He robbed ye, him and my mate did it between 'em; they stacked the pasteboards. If ye pay a cent of them I.O.U.s ye deserve to be robbed till ye haven't a shirt t' yer back."

"If you're so sure of this, why did you allow them to take your money without a word? Why didn't you expose them at the time?" Alec asked him sharply with an incredulous air.

"I daren't," the man told him with a string of oaths. "Miner's a friend of my chief's. If I'd made a row there'd a bin a fight, and after the chief had sobered up the very devil to pay, an' yours truly'd a got the dirty end of the argument. Savvy?"

"No, I don't," Alec informed him, his manner brusque to rudeness. "And what is more, I don't believe a word of what you say."

The breed had also lost heavily that evening, was a poor loser, and was trying to blacken Miner's character in a spirit of revenge; so reasoned Alec.

"Anyhow, I've warned ye," was the fellow's parting shot. "Them two's a pair o' card sharpers, and you're t' plump little piggin. Easy meat!"

The man's words did not please our young friend. He had never liked the fellow and now felt a swift resentment against him for presuming to interfere and he told him pretty plainly: "I guess I can look after myself without any advice from you." And so the half-breed's well-meant advice went disregarded.

Another source of anxiety to Alec was his love affair with the Indian girl. Little Song was very pretty, but familiarity had begun to rub away much of her attraction. Yet he dare not give her up. He had gone too far for that. Indeed, he felt that such a measure would only precipitate matters, for he suspected that the girl's mother was in the secret, and he knew Amaquaniss.

Things were certainly coming to a crisis with him. Exposure stared him in the face. Stopping short in his irregular perambulations, he opened the crumpled letter and read it through, evidently not for the first time. It ran;

> *Dear Alec:*
>
> *I was at the old place last night and the night before but you didn't come either night. What's the matter? Why do you keep away from me. I must see you. I am in great trouble. There is something I want you to know. Please, please be there tonight and tell me what to do. I am so frightened. Please come.*
>
> *Your own sorrowful,*
> *Little Song.*

TIMBER wolf that has fallen to the high-powered rifle of the hunter in Northern Ontario wilds. The slinking wolf is a "hard customer" to shoot but sometimes the long range gun will reach him.

The perusal filled the once ardent young lover with fresh weak fury and, with a savage oath, he again crushed the letter, jammed it into his pocket, and continued his restless walk.

Presently the door opened slowly and a man came in. Alec did not even hear, lost as he was in his unpleasant thoughts. A voice at his elbow caused him to look up. It was Miner.

After making sure that no one else was in the store, that personage turned to his friend.

"Napiokeesick is talking to him," he warned.

At once the addressed looked anxious.

"To whom?" he questioned sharply.

"To the parson," was the answer.

"What about?" asked Alec with an expression of fear.

His informant seated himself on a canvas-covered box close by, then:

"You and his girl, Little Song," he said slowly, eyeing the young man slyly. "At least I heard your name and hers coupled together. I passed them on the river. The old man was furious about something, it seemed."

The young man's face darkened. "The silly old fool," he said fiercely, seating himself on another canvas-covered box beside his companion.

Taking off his cap and running his hand over his red wig, the newcomer chuckled discordantly.

"What have you been doing?" he queried with a grin, "fooling with the girl?"

There was a note in the man's voice that did not appear to be to our young friend's liking.

"What's that to do with you?" he asked sharply with an oath.

A hard glint came into the eyes of the elder man.

"Very well, if you take it that way," he remarked sullenly, "It's none of my business, kid, but I thought I'd warn you, that's all." Then, after a short pause: "The minister is at my heels, he is coming here and may think it his business to tell your father; and forewarned is forearmed, you know."

His listener stiffened visibly. His lips compressed, he was breathing quickly. The thought had brought a cold sweat to his forehead.

"What did Napiokeesick tell the parson?" he asked huskily, and clearing his throat. But Miner had turned away as if he had done with the matter. There was silence for some moments.

"How did the old man find out?" Alec wondered half to himself.

"Guess somebody's seen you and been talking," hazarded Miner in an indifferent voice, breaking his moody silence.

The remark caused the young man to start. He thought of the man who had discovered him and the girl together that night, and his plump face paled to a ghastly hue. Had he been recognised? he asked himself.

Just then further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Rogers, the clerk, and an Indian bearing a pack of furs on his back.

With a grunt of satisfaction the native dropped his burden upon the counter.

"That's Wastaywin," said Alec in an undertone, indicating the Indian. "He is crazy about Little Song; wants to marry her."

"Well, why not?" queried his friend, in a voice to match. "That would be an easy way out of your troubles."

"Impossible now." Alec leaned toward his companion and whispered something in his ear.

"Nonsense," said Miner. "You're too squeamish."

The clerk and Indian were absorbed in business. A look of satisfaction stole over Rogers' features, for, as the man's pack was slowly unrolled, it gave unmistakable evidence of furs in plenty, furs of the finest quality, and the heart of the Company's trader rejoiced within him.

Satisfied that the two men at the counter were fully engrossed by their own affairs, Alec made an appealing gesture to his companion.

"The parson may be here any minute, what shall I do? Can't you suggest something?" His voice was almost whining in its appeal. The weak face quivered with excitement and fear. Clearly he was in a panic.

The other man seemed about to give an impatient answer, but at that moment Mr. Armstrong entered the store and walked briskly up to the counter. For a few moments he stood chatting with the Indian, and then turning to the clerk:

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," he asked, "when does the Trout Lake 'packet' (mail) leave?"

"Tomorrow morning, sir," replied Rogers. "I was going to run up and tell you this evening. Everything is ready," indicating the two canvas covered boxes on which Alec and his companion were sitting, "that is, everything but the letters."

"Very good, I'll just go into the house for a few minutes to pay my respects to Mrs. MacDonald and then run home and finish my mail."

So saying the clergyman took a few steps towards the door in the rear of the building, then, as if recollecting himself, turned and came slowly back. His face was very grave.

"He's coming," announced Miner in an undertone. He had been furtively watching the parson's movement. "Be careful, deny everything," he warned, moving away as the missionary approached.

Alec was frightened. The cloud had been gradually darkening, for days exposure had been in prospect, but now it actually hung over him.

"A word with you, Alec, please," said Armstrong in a solemn but friendly tone.

"All right, Mr. Armstrong, I'm with you," replied the addressed, rising leisurely.

At that moment the Indian finished trading, and the parson paused, while the fellow bundled up his purchases, nodded his adieux and went out. There was the sound of his voice calling to his dogs, "Marse! marse!" the crack of a whip and the jingle of bells, which rapidly grew fainter and fainter in the distance. In the meantime, Rogers had gathered up the furs he had just purchased and disappeared with them through the door in the rear of the building, while Miner had moved out of earshot.

"Alec," began the parson, impressively, at length, "in spite of all I have said to you by way of warning in the past, I am afraid that you are now carrying on in a manner that can end in but one way—disaster to all concerned."

"What's wrong now?" asked the young man resentfully.

Armstrong looked hard at him for a moment, then: "Napiokeesick has been complaining to me," he said severely, "and his complaint is to the effect that you are, to put it mildly, paying his daughter too much attention."

"Oh, is that so?" The young man paused irresolutely; he seemed to have difficulty in going on. He looked toward Miner as if for guidance, but that individual was closely examining a dog-harness which hung on the right wall. Receiving no inspiration from that source, the boy pulled himself together and, with a spurious attempt at nonchalance, "Well, he is lying," he said, without looking into the minister's face, while a blush covered his own.

The parson's eyes studied him steadily, and the young man's air of unconcern did not increase under their calm survey.

"I hope he was—er—mistaken. But he says he has seen you waylay Little Song on several occasions and that you are turning the girl's silly head with nonsense. Now, you know, I am not going to stand that."

At this Alec laughed outright, but without much mirth.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "and has it come to this, then, that a fellow can't stop and speak to a girl but he must needs be fillng her head with nonsense?" Then he laughed again, and went on with a kind of sulky recklessness—evidently he had resolved to carry the matter off with a high hand: "A pretty state of affairs, indeed, If I choose to speak to Little Song when I meet her, it is none—"

"None of my business, you would say," finished the missionary, quietly. "But you forget, my young friend, that I am the custodian of the moral as well as the spiritual welfare of this little community. And, therefore, anything affecting the morals of the people *is* my business."

"Morals of the people," grumbled the boy, "and do I endanger the morals of the people by stopping and speaking to my mother's servant when I chance to meet her?"

"Not if you *chance* to meet her. Though I must say that you act very unwisely in paying the girl any attention. She would be a good girl if she were left alone. Your mother pronounces her the best domestic she has encountered in a long experience with Indian maids; but the girl's foolish mother, in spite of all my warnings, has persisted in spoiling her till she is possessed of an overweening vanity which no admonitions of mine can temper. Her father is much concerned about her. He has decided to marry her to Wastaywin; but the girl flouts the idea, indeed utterly refuses her consent, in which she is upheld by her foolish mother."

"I should think so, indeed," said Alec warmly. "The fellow is an *Indian*."

"And what is Little Song, pray?" asked the clergyman sharply.

"Alec bit his lip. "Well, I mean she is a very pretty girl," he explained, not without some confusion, "and much too good to throw away on that fellow. It wasn't for that you educated her, surely?"

"Well, as to that, I sometimes have serious doubts as to whether my instruction, instead of the service I intended, has not unsettled the girl and done her a deadly injury. But you have no right to suggest that she would be throwing herself away in marrying Wustaywin, who is a good hunter, great provider and a kind, warm-hearted young man, and well able to support and care for a wife. The girl should consider herself fortunate in having him as a suitor for her hand; and would so consider were it not for the foolish notions which she has by some means or other got into her head. And now I want you to promise that you will not pay the silly girl any more attention, say anything to confuse her head. You will promise me this?" He was studying the young man with that searching gaze of his that seemed to probe ones soul.

Alec promised readily enough. Indeed he was glad to. He was immensely glad to get off so lightly; though he feared. and with good reason, that he had put off the moment of his accounting for only a very short time. Still he had gained time, and time was everything just then.

Armstrong, who did not readily suspect evil, was quite satisfied with the outcome. He saw Napiokeesick's complaining to him had given Alec a great scare, and he trusted that this would teach the young man a much-needed lesson and keep him from offending again. Besides, the boy had given his word, and he did not consider him lacking in moral sense. He smiled and his eyes lightened.

"Well, that is a great weight off my mind," he said, as if greatly relieved, "and I am much obliged to you. I hope the damage may be repaired. I shall at once assure the old Indian that, as far as you are concerned, he need have no fears for his daughter. He will be glad. He was," meeting the boy's glance with a whimsical smile, "very much distressed and alarmed at what he called your 'goings on' with Little Song."

The young man was silent for an interval; he seemed to be searching his mind for something spiteful to say; then, quite suddenly he demanded, and there was malice in the words but greater malice in the tone: "Why don't you get after the fellow who's peddling whisky round here, and give *me* a rest?"

The question had a remarkable effect upon Miner, who had drawn nearer and was listening. His face worked in anger; he darted a look of ferocity at the speaker, and took a step forward as if intending to interfere, then paused and drew back with ears alert.

The parson gave Alec a pathetic smile.

"There you touch me on a sore spot," he said sadly. Then his face suddenly grew pale and very stern. "I am unable to detect the man, if the scoundrel can be called a man," he went on in a quiet and determined manner, "but I shall, if he keeps it up, and when I do, I will do my utmost to have him suffer the fullest penalty of the law."

"No matter who is it, I suppose?" Alec asked him, more for the sake of filling an awkward pause than for any fixed purpose. But that simple question had momentous results.

"Even though it were my own son," was the vehement reply.

At these words the man in the background started violently. An idea instantly occurred to him, suggested by what the clergyman had just said. It looked like a glorious opportunity to get rid of the man who had been so much in the way. He stood pondering it over. Soon a wild smile played on his countenance. He stood nodding his head and rubbing his hands in a satisfied manner. Then he fell to listening again. Alec was talking.

"What about the police? They're here; what do they make of it?"

Miner edged closer, straining his ears for the reply.

"Well," said Armstrong slowly. "I was speaking to Inspector Blake about it only this morning, and he seems to think the guilty party is one of our own number, and that he is manufacturing the vile stuff in the neighbourhood."

Alec licked his lips; they had suddenly become dry.

"You don't mean to say it is one of us?" he asked with a shaky laugh, " one of the Company's people, I mean."

"I accuse no one," said Armstrong, gravely. "The Indians will not say where they get the liquor."

"What! Not even tell *you?*" jeered the young man, with a rude, harsh laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear.

"Not even me," the parson told him, a little bitterly, and he heaved a deep unconscious sigh. Then suddenly dropping the subject: "Now, you have given me your promise, Alec, to leave Little Song alone, and I trust you will make good your word. Otherwise, let the consequences be what they will, I shall do my duty and complain to your father. But there," he broke off, "I must be about my business, for I still have a number of letters to write for the 'packet' and I must run in and see your mother before I go. But a last word," he put his hand on the lad's shoulder, and his voice fell to a softness that lessened none of its sternness, "my dear boy, most of us have been thoughtless at one time or another, and it is well when we let these follies be a warning to us." He paused, and then added, "Govern your conduct, my boy, by the conviction that disgrace to you would convey death to your invalid mother." With that he went swiftly out.

"Confounded meddler," muttered Alec, morose and vengeful, turning to his friend, who was rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself. "What's up with you?" the boy demanded fiercely, struck by the fellow's remarkably good humour. "What's tickling you? I don't see anything to laugh at."

But Miner did not speak for several moments. He had a game to play.

"Come down to my place," he replied at length. "I've got something to talk over with you."

(To be continued)

BEAVER CHIPS

IRISH

Mary—Doctor, I don't feel well.
Doctor—Are you anemic?
Mary—No, sir; Irish descent, and proud of it.

HELPFUL HINT

Jones—I want to do something big and clean before I die.

Bones—Wash an elephant.

NO MAIL

Country Lady—I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and haven't received it yet.

Post Office Clerk—Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint.

Lady—Well, if you must know, it's indigestion.

ILLICIT INTEREST

The topic under discussion was the advantage of a woman's stocking as a bank. "Nowadays women wear hose so thin that you can read the serial numbers on the bills in the bankroll," advanced the New Fangled Guy. "Oh! I admit the principle is all right, but the money draws altogether too much interest.

SHE COULDN'T MISS IT

A costermonger wished to telephone to Ealing. He took off the receiver and shouted, "Healin', 105." The operator did not understand him and asked him to repeat, which he did. Still she didn't get it, and asked him to spell it. He proceeded thuswise:

"E for 'Erbert, that's my name;
"A wot the 'orses eat;
"L where I send blokes to I don't care
much abaht;
"I for injins wot drors trains;
"N wot lays the heggs;
"G gor blimy, ain't yer got it yet?"

THE DUCKS GOT 'EM

The old negro was asking for credit at the village store.

"How comes it, Rastus, that you are asking for credit already; didn't you ship a carload of melons north just last week?"

"De ducks got 'bout all dose melons, sah," was the mournful reply.

"What do you mean the ducks got em?"

"Well you see," exclaimed the old man, "I sent dose melons up no'th an' dey deducks da freight, an' dey deducks da storage charges, an' dey deducks da commission, an' dey deducks da gov'nment tax—yes, sah, de ducks got 'bout all dose melons; dat's how comes it!"

THE WRONG IRON

An experienced golfer, in a fit of condescension, invited a novice to take part in a game. The novice, to the golfer's dismay and disgust, ploughed up the ground at every stroke.

After one particularly vicious dig, the golfer remarked, "You've revoked."

"We're playing golf, not whist," said the novice.

"Yes," replied the golfer, "but you have just played a spade where you should have played a club."

BOBBY'S PREFERENCE IN TROUSERS

Little Bobby Beatem one day went to buy a pair of trousers with his mother. After being shown almost every pair of trousers in the store, he said that he wanted the pair in the window. When the salesman took the pair from the window they bore the sign, "These trousers cannot be beat."

LOOKING AHEAD

Little Ikey was very quick at mental arithmetic, but on one occasion he failed to volunteer an answer to what the teacher thought was a very simple question.

"Come!" she said, "Two and a half per cent. on fifty pounds for six months. How much is that? Can't you work that little sum?"

"I could, miss," replied Ikey, "but two and a half per cent. don't interest me!"

SOME PLAY ON WORDS

Foreign lady went into store and asked for talcum powder.

"Mennen's?" asked the clerk.

"No, vimmen's."

"Wanted it scented?"

"No, I'll take it with me."

INTERNATIONAL DIET

Two Tommies, out for a joke, went into a restaurant over on the Eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry sirs, but we can't Servia."

Tommies: "Well then get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order and then said "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania."

So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

HOOTCH, MAN, HOOTCH!

Convalescent (to a grateful friend)—Thanks very much for the brandy peaches. Although the doctor wouldn't let me eat the peaches, I enjoyed very much the spirit in which they were sent.

STRANGE!

There are many of us who would not for a moment neglect to insure our homes and furniture against loss by fire and yet will not consider Life Insurance. True one is tangible, the other intangible—but for its very intangibility experience tells men that they should insure against the inevitable. One cannot tell how long he will be spared to provide for his loved ones, but one can arrange in his lifetime for the continuance of support when he is no more. Which of the two is of greater consequence?

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